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The Shape of Things

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GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION IS NOTHING new in American history. It has generally been used to break strikes; it is now being used to break Congressional investigations; how it will be used in the future depends upon the ingenuity of our corporation lawyers. Chief Justice Wheat of the District of Columbia Supreme Court has issued an injunction restraining the Black lobby committee of the Senate from seizing telegrams sent by Silas Strawn's law firm. The Justice's ground was that the subpoena with which Senator Black was equipped was actually a drag-net or a fishing line, and that it violated the searches-and-seizures provision of the Fourth Amendment. At this point Mr. Hearst also applied for an injunction, invoking the First Amendment to protect a telegram he had sent to his editorial flunky, James T. Williams. As usual in business appeals to the Bill of Rights, liberty is being invoked in order to protect intrenched privilege. The lobbyists and utility executives are desperate lest the full extent of the money power in politics be revealed by Senator Black's expert and uncompromising methods. They are also fearful that the Liberty League and other such organizations will, as a result of the lobby investigation, shape up for what they are in reality—political organizations using corporate contributions without being subject to the corrupt-practice laws that apply to political parties. The whole incident is another example of how under the pressure of a vigorous legislative attack the bourbons always turn to the courts for extreme unction.

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MANUEL AZANA'S LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN Spain appears to be facing a situation uncomfortably similar to that which confronted the Kerensky regime in Russia. Although placed in power by the votes of the Socialists, Communists, and Anarcho-Syndicalists, Azaña is not prepared to institute fundamental economic reforms. He has released the majority of the political prisoners held over from the previous government and ordered the arrest of General Ochola, charged with responsibility for the Asturias massacre, but has given no indication that he intends to meet the demands of the left. On the other hand, the fascist elements, which virtually dominated policy under the Lerroux government, have become more and more insistent that Azaña curb all further demonstrations of the left. This the Premier has apparently attempted to do, but without success. In the course of celebrating their electoral victory Socialists and Communists have

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rioted almost daily, have burned churches and convents, and have even gone so far as to seize the estate of President Zamora. The situation bears a striking resemblance to that which existed after the revolution in 1931, and it is possible that the Premier may, as on that occasion, obtain control by bringing pressure on the Socialist leaders. But unless drastic action is taken to remove the causes of the existing unrest, there is danger that Spain may be plunged into worse turmoil than anything it has experienced in the past five years.

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THE NEW TOTALITARIAN REGIME IN PARAguay appears to be definitely fascist in its essentials. Arising out of the unrest following the Chaco war, the revolutionary party consists primarily of war veterans and students, though it has a certain amount of working-class support. The movement is intensely nationalistic, being directed particularly against groups of foreigners who have enriched themselves out of the war. It has as its leader Colonel Rafael Franco, a war hero who was exiled in February as a Communist but who enjoys tremendous personal popularity. It has barred all political activity by trade unions and other organizations not connected with the dominant party, and has placed all labor disputes under administrative jurisdiction. Colonel Franco calls these restrictions only temporary. He claims that his aim is to have "a true democracy of workers and peasants, who are the eternal victims of their economic weakness." This sounds suspiciously like fascist demagoguery, although the Paraguayan brand of fascism may prove to be considerably less "advanced" than that of Germany or Italy.

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THE GHOST OF THE NRA WALKED IN Washington again last week. George Berry's Committee on Industrial Policy, which somehow emerged out of the fiasco of Mr. Berry's conference of business and labor executives last fall, has turned in a set of recommendations for the economic future of our country. There are three things to be said about the recommendations. One is to note the fear and trembling with which the committee introduces such a necessary proposal as that of a minimum wage and overtime rates. The committee finds it necessary also to praise all that "individual initiative, free competition, and the incentive of profit" have done for America before it dare suggest that some "governmental intervention" in private industry is necessary. The second is that our business executives seem to have forgotten nothing and learned nothing since the beginning of the depression. Their best wisdom still seems to be the wisdom embodied in the NRA. The third is that a dangerous tendency toward a semi-fascist set-up is revealed in the committee recommendations. There is to be production control; the anti-trust laws are to be suspended; and, worst of all, a "permanent advisory economic council" is to be established, consisting of representatives of management, labor, and the public interest. That the committee's ideas should take this familiar form is proof of the bankruptcy of economic thought on the part of our business leaders.

THE SENATE HAS ELIMINATED FROM THE Treasury-Post Office appropriation bill the $26,500,000 item for ocean-mail ship-subsidy-contract payments. It was, however, not motivated by a desire to put the shipping industry on a sound economic basis. Senator Glass, who engineered the move, has admitted that its purpose was to force the passage at this session of a bill bestowing direct subsidies in place of the indirect mail-contract subsidies. If such a bill is not passed, the $26,500,000 will undoubtedly be included in the deficiency bill. Meanwhile, some hundred shipping executives, lawyers, and lobbyists, in Washington attending the hearings of the Senate Commerce Committee on the Guffey bill and the indefensible Copeland bill, showed that their intelligence was not as extensive as their greed. Just as they had not even been able to agree among themselves on the original Copeland bill, introduced when the session opened, so last week they could not agree on the compromise bill. John M. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, read at precisely the worst moment a statement for the American Steamship Owners' Association which charged that the present choice of bills amounted to "repudiation" of the shipping industry by the government. Then he asked for reenactment of the existing Jones-White law. Senator Copeland, who is well aware that if this continues the Guffey bill will pass, lost his temper on one occasion and called the executives "a lot of Dumb Doras." But he is still their best friend.

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LOW WAGES, UNLIMITED HOURS, AND BAD working conditions are the rule and not the exception on American ships. The Morro Castle disaster demonstrated that one of the greatest hazards run by passengers is created by the hiring of inexperienced men at low wages. The chairman of Secretary Roper's own National Committee on Safety at Sea, which he set up in December, has pointed to the labor turnover on American ships, which runs as high as 30 per cent, as a "serious symptom of unrest" among those who earn their living at sea. Secretary Roper's remedy is to increase the personnel and pay of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection. Certainly the taxpayers, seagoing or not, would be willing to finance an efficient bureau they also have the right to expect that Mr. Roper might use his influence to persuade the shipping companies to make a contribution to safety in the form of decent wages and tolerable conditions for the necessarily skilled workers who are the ultimate safeguard of the traveler. Instead, they are treated to the spectacle of Mr. Roper, self-appointed Secretary of Safety, shouting "Mutiny!" because the crew of the steamship California struck, not at sea but in port, for a raise in pay from $57.50 to $62.50 a month. It is possible, of course, that a passion for the safety of passengers is the primary motive in Mr. Roper's hysteria. It is just possible on the other hand that his views as far as labor is concerned resemble those of the shipping barons whose strongholds around the coast are being ever more militantly attacked. To hang the label of mutiny on a ship strike would certainly fulfil their fondest dream of safety.

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THE JONES AND LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY recently walked out of a hearing of the National Labor Relations Board, charging that the board had no jurisdiction over the case. The complaint was filed by twelve employees of the corporation's Aliquippa plant who alleged they were fired for union activities. Contending that steel manufacturing is intrastate and not interstate commerce, Earl F. Reed, counsel for Jones and Laughlin, argued that his client alone had the right to hire and fire his employees. When the board indicated that it was not convinced, Mr. Reed left the courtroom, but the case went on. It was like enacting a melodrama without the villain. All twelve of the discharged men claimed that their union activities were alone responsible for the loss of their jobs, while the company asserted they had been fired for inefficiency. If that was true, then it took the company a long time to discover that these particular workmen were inefficient, for the average length of service they had rendered the corporation was more than ten years. The witnesses uniformly contended that "Aliquippa workmen are crying for union organization but are afraid for their jobs." These twelve men serve as so many living examples to the other nine thousand steel workers in the community. Aliquippa is a company town. Its local bank, street cars, motor coaches, water supply, and a real-estate company which owns most of the houses the workers live in are controlled by the Jones and Laughlin Corporation, which also dominates the county elections and the local police. Under these circumstances, the workers testified, "if you don't do what the company wants you to, it's too bad for you."

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SOME TIME AGO A NUMBER OF HONEST AND sincere persons directed to Thomas Mann a request that he publicly and unequivocally state his position on the Nazi regime. Thomas Mann, already a voluntary exile in Switzerland, did not answer this appeal at the time. But in a letter recently published in the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* he has made an answer so frank and clear as to silence all criticism.

> German anti-Semitism, however, or that of the German rulers, is aimed, spiritually regarded, not at the Jews at all or not at them exclusively. It is aimed at Europe and at all the higher Germanism itself. It is aimed, as is becoming more evident all the time, at the ancient Christian foundations of Occidental morality. It is the attempt, as symbolized by the withdrawal from the League of Nations, to shake off civilizing connections, an attempt that threatens to effect a fearful, an evil-laden estrangement between the country of Goethe and the rest of the world.

As if to prove beyond a doubt that this noble indictment is justified, comes the news of a controversy now being waged in Germany on the issue of "German Physics versus Jewish Physics." The dispute was occasioned by an article in the *Völkische Beobachter* attacking Albert Einstein and all theoretical physicists as "Jews or products of the Jewish spirit." Not only race and religion but science itself is hereby drawn into this evil controversy—a further attempt "to shake off civilizing connections" and to estrange Germany from the rest of the world.

THE COOLIDGE-KERR IMMIGRATION BILL, now before the Senate Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, is not an ideal measure but has been considered a step toward softening the rigors of our immigration policy. On March 11, however, an amendment was introduced which on no account should be included if the bill becomes a law. It provides for the mandatory deportation of aliens convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude. The importance of this provision will be clear when it is remembered that nobody knows exactly what moral turpitude is. It is not necessarily a felony as opposed to a misdemeanor; it includes not only the major crimes but very likely a number of minor ones. Suppose an alien striker breaks a factory window. Suppose he successfully plants a rock on the neck of one of Mr. Bergoff's scabs. Is this moral turpitude? At the present moment it probably isn't. Simple assault and disorderly conduct have not yet been included in this particular category. But there is nothing to prevent an anti-labor judge from so construing them. When feeling is running high during a strike in which many workers are aliens, almost anything may happen. The Kerr bill as amended puts a weapon in the hands of anti-labor, anti-alien forces which they will not be slow to use. Secretary Perkins is reported as "deploring" the amendment, although she is unwilling to make a public protest because she wants the bill as a whole to pass. But the bill as a whole is not good enough to bear the weight of this provision.

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THE LOGIC OF HISTORY MAKES THE WEST, with its Populist traditions and its hostility to Eastern finance, the breeding-ground of third parties. For that reason the coming state convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party on March 27-28 may yield interesting results. Two county conventions, embracing the cities of Minneapolis and Duluth, have already met and called upon the state convention to come out for a national Farmer-Labor Party which will place a ticket in the field in 1936. No one, of course, expects that such a ticket would stand a chance of victory. But a national Farmer-Labor Party this year might return a bloc of Representatives and Senators, and consolidate the progressive forces in Congress. It would be a powerful force in fighting the rising reaction. And, a start once made, it would be in a good position for making a bid for power in 1940.

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BURNING RESENTMENT HAS BEEN AROUSED in California's neighbor states by Los Angeles's action in setting up an armed border patrol along the state line to turn back would-be entrants whose material assets are not considered up to Los Angeles standards. All those refused admission were impartially labeled "vags and hobos" by the border patrol. This some of them undoubtedly were, but the greater part represented transient farm and factory laborers essential to those communities where work is seasonal. The action of Los Angeles springs from a fundamental *malaise* which threatens the whole nation. What is to be done with the homeless migrants, now

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numbering nearly half a million, who, by the closing last September of the federal transient bureaus, have been thrown back on their own, which is to say, non-existent, resources? The states claim that the transient problem is an interstate, and therefore a federal, affair; the federal government finds the burden too great. Jobless migrants will be with us until we achieve a stable economy. Meanwhile, unless the government adopts remedial measures, the ranks of the migrants will be swelled by the influx of school and college graduates for whom there is no chance of employment in sight. In the Amlie-Benson American Youth Act shortly to come before the Senate, providing federal aid for the unemployed between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, there is an opportunity, if the government will but grasp it, to enact legislation which would alleviate the pressing danger of the transient problem.

Will Europe Call Hitler's Bluff?

AFTER more than a week of frenzied diplomatic activity the crisis precipitated by Germany's military reoccupation of the Rhineland remains unresolved. Hitler's Karlsruhe speech, though conciliatory in its references to France, was little more than a reaffirmation of his Reichstag address of the previous Saturday. In his Munich speech he stated that Germany would never allow itself to be judged at the bar of world opinion. And as a final gesture of intransigence, he refused to attend the London conference unless it promised to take up his "concrete proposals for new guaranties of European peace." Whether he will subsequently accept the League offer on the basis of promised "equality" remains uncertain as we go to press.

The situation is probably the most difficult which Europe has faced since 1919. That Germany has broken both the Treaty of Versailles and the Locarno agreement is scarcely open to question. Nor can it be doubted that the remilitarization of the Rhineland constitutes a real threat to France and to a lesser extent to its allies. As long as the German army remained out of this area, the danger of a surprise attack on the French frontier was practically nonexistent. Today France no longer has that security. Yet the weight of international condemnation of the Third Reich has been somewhat lessened by recognition of the truth of Hitler's contention that Germany can never have equality until it exercises full sovereignty over its territory. It is difficult to work up sentiment for sanctions against a country for occupying its own soil. Unlike Japan and Italy, Germany cannot be accused of aggression.

But when it comes to making distinctions regarding treaty violations, one heads into severe difficulties. While all international agreements are not equally important or equally just, it would be difficult to convince the average Frenchman that a move which endangers the security of his native land should be ranked as unimportant. If effective international law is ever to be created, agreements must be uniformly respected. Collective security is meaningless if its principles are to be enforced only by the country or countries most affected. Few persons in Europe today, however, are concerned with general principles. The one thing that is important is the finding of some means of preventing a rearmed Germany from launching a war of desperation or revenge. Hitler's bellicose references to the Soviet Union and his "inadvertent" omission of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia from the list of countries with which Germany is willing to conclude non-aggression pacts belie his claim to pacific intentions. Although his attack on communism may be somewhat discounted on the ground that it was meant primarily for home consumption, no responsible leader can indulge in repeated denunciation of a neighboring nation without running the risk that his words will ultimately be taken seriously, both at home and abroad. The *Führer* may believe that he is sincere in declaring that he would rather spend money for workers' houses than for shells, but the world notes only his facility in creating international incidents when they are needed to bolster his prestige at home. It also notes with unconcealed anxiety that with the remilitarization of the Rhineland Hitler has exhausted the possibilities for international histrionics which do not affect the integrity of neighboring states. Unless the League powers take drastic action, we may assume that the next step will involve Memel, Austria, or the Soviet Ukraine.

Since negotiation on the basis of the status quo is so obviously in line with Germany's desires, the League powers have only three weapons with which to combat the threat of Nazi aggression: sanctions, a preventive war, or a resurrection of the pre-war system of military alliances. Of the three, sanctions would definitely be preferable in that they would make possible the retention and strengthening of the present instruments of collective security. While it might be argued that a preventive war now would be far less destructive than a general conflagration later, it would be difficult to persuade French or British public opinion that a war to prevent war would be any less destructive than a war to save civilization. So far it has never been established that peace can be achieved through war. Economic sanctions would be not only a far less dangerous weapon but a more efficacious one. The chances are that the threat of really effective penalties would soon bring Hitler to terms; if not, their imposition would have the supreme value of retarding Nazi war preparations. Moreover, they would keep the record clear as far as the League was concerned, and prevent Italy from pushing its claim for a suspension of the penalties imposed against it.

At the moment both England and Italy appear to be unalterably opposed to sanctions of any type. Instead of imposing collective penalties, the powers will probably fall back on a system of alliances guaranteeing the present frontiers in Eastern and Western Europe. Presumably England will be forced to be a party in such an agreement, which it has resisted since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. This would of course mean the end of any pretense of collective security through the League and would mark a return to power politics of the most dangerous type. Such an arrangement may be necessary and it might

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be temporarily effective in staving off hostilities, but it would totter the moment another international situation arose calling for a new line-up of the powers. Ultimately the result would be a return to the balance-of-power concept which dominated pre-war Europe, carrying with it almost certain war. It may be argued that there can be no assurance against war, regardless of the steps taken, as long as fascism remains dominant in two of the leading countries in Europe. Recent events have shown beyond question that the doctrines of fascism are incompatible with international organization. But if the powers, backed by the pressure of public opinion in the non-totalitarian states, can somehow keep alive respect for the principles of collective security and law, and at the same time make a vigorous attempt to find a solution for the troublesome problem of raw materials, they may make it impossible for either Hitler or Mussolini to fight the successful war which is necessary to the perpetuation of their power. If collective security is to be achieved, there can be no compromise with lawlessness.

Prostitution in New York City

THE most interesting aspect of Mrs. Field's article on prostitution in the Soviet Union, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is not that the number of prostitutes has markedly declined since the Russian Revolution—though that is significant enough—but that in Russia the prostitute is considered not a moral problem but an economic one. The idea that women disposed of their persons for pecuniary profit out of sheer depravity has long since lost credence with intelligent people. It is clear that in the vast majority of cases women have embraced the world's oldest profession because they knew no other way to make a living or because they were cast out by neighborhood censure from whatever economic field they had a place in. In either case economic necessity was the guiding force—but "immorality" was the category under which they were first judged and then punished.

In New York City, prostitution, although it is not a criminal offense, is handled by the police, and prostitutes themselves are finger-printed and otherwise treated as criminals. Arrests are made for "disorderly conduct," "loitering," or the like. Since there are no licensed houses, guesses of the number of women so engaged vary from 25,000 to 300,000. No reliable authority will make an estimate of the total number. However, an average of 3,000 prostitutes come before the Women's Day Court each year. Those arrested are chiefly of the lowest order of prostitutes—women forced to solicit on the streets. The number of arrests do not vary much from year to year, although there are periodical fluctuations closely related to pressure put upon the police by anti-vice crusaders and others who wish to attack a moral stain on the body politic. It is interesting to note that over week-ends there are practically no arrests. Despite a recognized increase in prostitution at such times, one may suspect that the police do not enjoy spending their Saturdays and Sundays in court.

Since the depression there has been a marked increase in the number of Negro prostitutes. This, despite popular superstition to the contrary, is not because Negro women are more gifted and hence more popular, but because they are cheaper. Until 1929 the average of arrests was two white women to one Negro woman. Since 1932 the proportion has been reversed. Prices range from twenty-five cents to $2 for Negroes, and from $1 to $5 for whites. It is evident, therefore, that even though the profession has an economic basis, its returns are not high. The petted, bejeweled playmates of wealthy men, despite their frequency in the more lurid popular fiction, are in fact few and far between. Since this is a business like any other, it may be said categorically that the hours are long, the wages low, and the working conditions abominable.

Few prostitutes escape venereal infection for more than a year. Until January, 1935, no medical examination of prostitutes was made until after conviction. Even now examinations are perfunctory from a medical standpoint, and only if they indicate active infection are women committed for hospital treatment. Only one city hospital receives them; it accommodates 150 women, is always overcrowded, offers no recreational facilities and but meager educational opportunities. For the most part the women sit idle for two months exchanging experiences, so it is not surprising that they know precisely where to find the best opportunities for themselves when they leave the hospital. They are not permitted to receive visitors and are watched over by armed guards, even when they are not under arrest. In contrast to this dismal and benighted method of treating the physical and mental hazards of the profession, the Soviet prophylactoria sound like havens of refuge and light.

Nor is New York City alone in its want of social vision in treating the problem. Of all American cities only Cincinnati and St. Louis are concerned except perfunctorily with even the venereal-disease aspects of prostitution. In those cities arrested women receive treatment if they are ill and are discharged if they are not. Many social agencies in New York try to "help" prostitutes, as unfortunate creatures, but none of them busy themselves with the causes of prostitution or attempt to eradicate them. Preventive work is almost unknown. And even purely from the public-health angle, neither social agencies nor the City of New York provide adequate facilities for detecting and treating venereal disease on a large-enough scale to be socially effective.

As a picture of the way the second largest city in the world handles one of its most important social problems, the foregoing facts are highly distressing. Enlightened social workers have for a long time known that prostitution should be approached in some such way as the Russians have approached it, but they have been powerless to convince the public. In time, when the "social evil" has been eliminated from the U. S. S. R.—as unemployment has been eliminated—we may be willing, as a people, to go to school to the Soviets.

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Who Won the Strike?

WALTER GORDON MERRITT, head strike-breaker of the Realty Advisory Board, violated the settlement in the building-service walkout before the ink was dry. Having forced a loophole in that agreement in the form of a provision for the arbitration of "individual disputes" between employers and strikers, though presumably former employees were to be taken back without discrimination, Mr. Merritt and his more powerful colleagues immediately crawled through it. "Satisfactory employees," Mr. Merritt announced with a sudden access of consideration for the workingman, "employed in good faith . . . with assurances that their employment is not temporary, should not be abandoned." The pressure which made the union leaders consent to a compromise on the basic issue of reinstatement remains to be revealed. As we go to press, some 1,500 strikers are locked out, mainly in buildings owned by big real-estate interests.

The new agreement is based on the Curran award of a year ago. Under that agreement, apartment-house employees were to get from $70 to $90 a month for an average sixty-hour week, and minimums in office and loft buildings were set at $21 for a forty-eight-hour week. When the award expired on March 1, many owners were evading even these low minimums, and it was not uncommon to find men working seventy-two and eighty-four hours a week for $60 and $65 a month. It was only after months of fruitless cajolery that some 45,000 workers walked out, demanding a blanket increase of $2 a week, a forty-eight-hour week, the closed shop, and a three-year contract.

Drawing by Refregier

Day in the Life of a Strike-Breaker

The settlement represents an advance provided Merritt and his friends are not allowed to nullify it. There is to be an immediate arbitration of minimum wages; the question of both wages and hours is to be reopened a year from now and again two years from now; the agreement runs for three years. The union has gained in membership; and it has gained tremendously in public sympathy as a result of its conduct of the strike. It goes without saying, however, that if the lockout instituted by the owners succeeds, the net result will be a weakening of union strength.

The strike fell with astounding suddenness on the cliff dwellers of Riverside Drive and the silk-stocking district to the east. Twenty-seven hundred members of the Realty Advisory Board sent out frantic calls for strike-breakers to run 13,500 elevators, to fire furnaces, remove garbage, and scrub floors. Above all the owners needed guards to protect their five billions of assessed valuations. Apartment-house owners have been hard hit by the depression. Nearly two-thirds of their properties have been taken over by the mortgagees—in most cases banks and insurance companies. These diehard, anti-union moneyed interests were the real power behind the Realty Advisory Board.

There was little or no violence in the strike, undoubtedly because the sympathy of both the police and the tenants was with the strikers. It was decidedly against the strike-breakers and guards, many of them with police records, who graced the city's lobbies for two weeks. One of these individuals, recently released from the penitentiary, will shortly return there. With the scab operator he was assigned to guard, he conspired to break into an apartment. Their haul was $55,000 in jewelry. In a raid on the offices of the American Confidential Bureau, by no means the most notorious of the scab-recruiting stations, police arrested eighteen persons on charges of violating the public-enemy law. The bureau's license has been suspended.

Three of nine metropolitan dailies sided with the workers when the owners refused all arbitration attempts. Tenant support was widespread. Tenants organized, or forced scabs to leave, or refused to pay rent, and in about forty instances induced landlords to sign with the union.

In the end, of course, the consumer will pay, unless the tenant organizations spread and become a bargaining factor. As one agent for Bing and Bing put it, "In this building sixteen employees may get wage increases of $2 a week, or $1,664 a year. We have 114 apartments and we'll raise the rents $5 a month, or $6,840 a year, leaving the owner a neat $5,176 profit. So for every $1 the workers win on this strike, their employers will win $3."

Throughout the strike it has been the thankless task of Mayor LaGuardia to follow a course which would not incur the wrath either of the bankers who are his credit source or of the workers whose votes will reelect him. It is up to him to "crack down" on the owners in their new attempt to prolong the controversy. Unless they can be persuaded to abandon Mr. Merritt, there is more stair-climbing ahead for the tenant-consumers.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, March 15

HEARINGS have just been completed here on a proposal to repeal the teachers'-oath bill that Congress imposed last year on the District of Columbia at the behest of the local crackpots, Klansmen, and red-baiters. It is more than likely that by mid-April the repealer will have been adopted, for the hearings on it have brought the bill's proponents out into the open and they cannot stand the light of day. They compose the usual coterie of patriots, militarists, and female busybodies. Worse still for them, their intellects cannot withstand even the polite sort of interrogation to which they were subjected at the hearings this week. Their testimony produced only guffaws, and those guffaws were duly echoed by all sections of the local press save that controlled by Hearst.

Sisson Is for Repeal

The oath bill is quantitatively worse than that of any state. Under it the District teachers must make affidavit of loyalty to the status quo once a month—that is, each pay day—and the janitors and charwomen, who also are affected, must make a similar profession twice as often, for they are paid every two weeks. The affidavit, prescribed and insisted upon by J. R. McCarl, Comptroller General, says the signer has not "advocated or taught" communism since last pay day. The law construed by McCarl as requiring such an affidavit—though the District Corporation Counsel construed it otherwise—was slipped into the District appropriation bill last June by Representative Blanton of Texas in a deal with Senator Copeland of New York, and passed through Congress almost unnoticed. The bill to repeal it has been introduced by Representative Sisson, Democrat, New York, at the serious risk, I am told, of bringing upon himself defeat when he stands for reelection in Herkimer and Oneida counties in November. This former school teacher carried his district, the Thirty-third New York, by only 252 votes in 1934, and his health probably will prohibit his making a vigorous fight this year.

At the hearing on the Sisson bill one of its leading opponents, Mrs. Margaret Hopkins Worrell, was compelled to confess that the civic association for which she spoke had cast only eighteen votes on the issue and that seven voters favored repeal. Major General Amos A. Fries, former chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, essayed to testify against a bill to soften but not repeal the oath bill, though he had to admit he had never read the proposed amendment. Some years ago General Fries, while still in the War Department, charted a "red network," on which all proponents of the child-labor amendment were listed on the apparent assumption that they *must* be in receipt of Moscow gold. He appeared this week for something which is called the Public School Association but which, it was testified, is made up in large part of delegates from the Ku Klux Klan and kindred abominations. Then, of course, there was the usual legionary, one E. Brook Fetty, and, finally, a lawyer, George E. Sullivan, who opposed the repealer in behalf of the Federation of Citizens' Associations, although it was later testified he spoke without authority, the federation having taken no stand on the issue.

Mr. Sullivan, whose own association within the federation voted for repeal, is connected professionally and by marriage with an estate that has been trying for some time to sell to the District land it needs for a new high school. Blanton, self-appointed dictator over all District affairs, has in the past denounced Sullivan's price to Congress as highway robbery. He and Sullivan, however, have become friends since the lawyer took up red-baiting. Blanton is certain to oppose the repealer when it reaches the floor on April 13, and he will have the support of Representatives Patman, McCormack, Randolph, and Ditter. He also will have the support of Congresswoman Jenckes, Democrat, Indiana, the only member of the subcommittee in charge who is opposed to the repealer. Mrs. Jenckes testified hysterically before the committee and then, refusing to be questioned, fled from the room.

The bill is virtually certain to reach the floor on schedule, for Mrs. Jenckes's four colleagues on the subcommittee—Kennedy, Schulte, Short, and Brewster—favor it, as does Representative Norton of New Jersey, chairman of the full committee. Mrs. Norton, who by virtue of her chairmanship can control such things, plans to devote the whole of April 13 in the House to debate on the Sisson bill, and in the process, if she can arrange that too, the blatant Blanton and his fellows will be plowed under.

THE Liberty Leaguers had barely stopped crowing over the temporary victory of Silas Strawn in his injunction action against the Black lobby-investigating committee, when Hearst instituted a similar action in

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Three Patriotic Lobbyists

defense of sacred "privacy." And now the Townsendites are threatening to seek the protection of the courts if the House committee soon to begin investigating them invades their "privacy." If this thing keeps up, it will not be necessary for Congress to have these privateersmen thrown out of court; they'll be laughed out. Incidentally, Black's committee is about ready to knife open the most insidious lobby of all, the Washington social lobby. It uses wine, women, song, and the society columns instead of threats and campaign contributions to accomplish its ends. Probably before this reaches print, Black will have shown that one Middle Western Congressman, a Democrat, has been living with a lobbyist here and lavishly entertaining his colleagues at the lobbyist's expense. The result of all this good fellowship has been the hopeful resurrection of a bill the lobbyist for years has been striving with more direct but less effective measures to get passed. Later Black may be able to show that one of the smartest "clubs" in Washington serves a similar purpose. It is a resort frequented by diplomats, Congressmen, and a few of the journalistic elite. An invitation from its super-smart hostess is a social accolade and will continue to be treasured as such until it is learned that the Black committee has examined her telegrams, too.

BRIEFER Mention. According to competent judges, Assistant Attorney General John Dickinson's presentation of the government's case in support of the Guffey Coal Act before the Supreme Court was magnificent. Thomas Reed Powell, who helped prepare the case, apparently persuaded Dickinson to shed his pomposity for the occasion. . . . Seeing Chief Justice Hughes presiding over the argument, United Mine Workers officials were optimistic; Hughes was counsel for the union before he entered the Harding Cabinet, and they figure that he, at least, understands what they are up against. . . . The first fruit of the labors of Coordinator Berry's Council for Industrial Progress turns out to be a fascist ovum—a recommendation for "a permanent economic advisory council" of industrialists and labor leaders to help run the country and keep Congress straight. . . . Hopkins has set out in earnest to discover how the WPA came to be building garment factories in Mississippi, under the guise of "vocational-training schools." It is now admitted by the WPA that the projects were well along toward completion when Hopkins's cancelation order was dispatched. The local paper at Brookhaven, site of one of the projects, quotes the district WPA administrator as saying Hopkins's order won't block completion of the "factory" because the WPA's $35,000 contribution to it has been practically spent. All this suggests a solution of the Italo-Ethiopian crisis. Let's give Italy Mississippi in place of Ethiopia; the Italians could never tell the difference and we'd be getting rid of both Bilbo and Harrison. Senator Harrison, despite charges that he is deeply involved in the Mississippi "vocational-school" scandal, refuses to open his mouth. . . . The National Committee on Rural Social Planning charges in a memorandum to Roosevelt that WPA and Resettlement Administration officials here can't and won't make their Arkansas agents provide relief for evicted share-croppers, said agents being dominated by the landlords at present engaged in a campaign of terrorism to smash the tenant-farmers' union. The WPA agents won't certify the croppers to the RA agents, and the RA agents won't help them unless they are certified. Hopkins's answer to the charge is a shrug and an assertion that the federal government is through with "direct relief." . . . The ascension of H. R. Tolley to the AAA's helm in place of Chester Davis promises no improvement in the share-croppers' plight. Tolley is director of the Giannini Foundation and reflects the interests of California growers and their bankers. . . . The United States Conference of Mayors, led by LaGuardia, comes to Roosevelt's assistance and assures him that the tales told against the WPA are all canards. They want the program continued virtually as is but with a little more power in their own hands. They like having Washington help balance their budgets by enabling them to do much municipal work with relief labor in place of regular city workers. . . . Things look increasingly bad for the NLRB in connection with its first major court test of the Wagner Labor Act. That test, the Greyhound Lines case, is to be tried late this month before the Third Circuit Court of Appeals at Philadelphia, and the court yesterday gave proof that it will not stand on merit if there is near at hand a technicality on which to perch instead. Upholding the hair-splitting brief of the Department of Justice in the McIntosh-Virgin Islands case, Judge Buffington whitewashed the trial-court judge, T. Webber Wilson, and rebuked the Interior Department for suggesting that the important thing in the case was that McIntosh was an innocent who by all the tenets of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence had been denied a fair trial. Judge Buffington refused to hear the Greyhound case in January. He said he'd hear it in March and take the record with him, then, to a sanitarium for study. He's eighty-one.

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Prostitution in the Soviet Union

BY ALICE WITHROW FIELD

IT comes as something of a shock to many persons to learn that the Soviet Union has not yet succeeded in wholly eliminating one of the grossest forms of human exploitation—the prostitution of women's bodies. Yet compared with the extent of commercialized vice elsewhere or with the practices of Czarist Russia the situation in the Soviet Union has been brought remarkably under control. Prior to the war there were as many as 40,000 registered prostitutes in St. Petersburg alone. Once or twice a week they were subjected to a compulsory, if perfunctory, medical examination by which the diseased were temporarily segregated. After having been duly registered, those who obtained a clean bill of health were given yellow tickets in place of their regular identification papers; they were not allowed to change their place of residence without police permission, and were required to wear colored arm bands or dresses of special colors. These rules applied only to prostitutes from the common people; those of good birth were usually ignored by the police.

Until 1880 registered prostitutes could not return to normal life unless they produced certificates of ill health signed by two doctors. In some places, as at Minsk, death was the only escape for them. No real attempt was made to reclaim prostitutes or to eliminate the causes of commercialized vice. Owners of licensed brothels were subject to very little police regulation, and procurers were seldom annoyed by the authorities. After the October revolution all brothels were outlawed, and women who formerly had been licensed received full citizenship rights. With this accomplished it was thought that if all women were given full legal and social freedom, prostitution would cease to exist. This was not the case, although commercial prostitution dropped to almost nothing during the period of war communism. At that time the bawdy houses disappeared or lost their old glamor and luxury; procuring was neither easy nor profitable; and women began to assume a position of equality in social and economic life which minimized the opportunities for exploiting them.

Nevertheless, at the end of the civil war and famine, and concurrently with the growing unemployment problem, the large cities again became crowded with women who tried to earn their living by selling their bodies. These were for the most part peasant girls who had wandered to the cities in search of work, and women of the declassed groups—petty bourgeoises, aristocrats, and even intelligentsia—who had not been able to adjust themselves to the changed social order. The war, civil war, and famine had destroyed the old standards and security in a far deeper and more personal sense than did the mere political changes of the revolution. The effects of the attending social chaos and the general poverty were of course most severe on unattached persons and those untrained for useful and immediately necessary trades. Contributing also to an increase in prostitution was the lack of adequate housing facilities for the hundreds of thousands of persons who migrated to the large cities in search of work during the reconstruction period.

By 1923-24 the incidence of venereal infection had not begun to diminish in the U. S. S. R. as it had in other countries. This fact brought prostitution into the limelight in the field of public health. Apprehending and treating infected persons in the elaborate network of clinics which had been established to safeguard the health of the people was not reducing the number of women who had to turn to the streets to earn their living. Giving women an equal chance in the labor exchanges had not guaranteed them jobs, for work was scarce.

During the reconstruction period it became apparent that women needed special social protection if their citizenship rights were to be realized. Their health needed careful guarding, and social and occupational outlets had to be found for them before they could function equally with men. Thus the elimination of prostitution presented itself as only one aspect of the general problem of establishing social and economic equality for women. But for reasons associated with the public health special and immediate action was necessary. Venereal infection, tuberculosis, and other communicable diseases could not be adequately dealt with as long as this small but ever-present source of infection remained. Nor could women take their place as equals in a socialist society while the possibility of sex exploitation existed.

From the beginning the Soviets insisted that the prostitute herself must not be mistreated or made to feel a sense of shame. Her name and her reputation were dependent primarily on her willingness to cooperate in the building of a new society. The war was on prostitution, not on prostitutes. The first Five-Year Plan aided this program by drawing maladjusted persons, including prostitutes, into normal economic life. In a surprisingly large number of instances this change effected a rehabilitation of once anti-social persons. The very fact that the prostitute was wanted as a woman and a worker gave her a sense of social responsibility and was the real beginning of Soviet success in handling the problem.

Even before the first Five-Year Plan the growing social and economic security of the people contributed to a reduction in prostitution. In addition, the fight against prostitution has been carried on through many organizations—general health clinics, venereal-disease clinics and hospitals, maternity centers, points of medical consultation with birth-control departments, legal-advice bureaus (where women can get help and obtain compensation from all persons against whom they have valid griev-

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ances), clubs, trade unions, prophylactoria for prostitutes, dwelling-house soviets, the peoples' courts, and institutions for the mentally defective. The most effective agencies for combating prostitution are the prophylactoria. The first of these was founded in Moscow as an experimental hostel where unattached women suffering from venereal infection could live. Soon afterward other similar institutions were founded in Moscow and elsewhere. In 1927 there were eight prophylactoria and one experimental suburban branch in Moscow alone, but subsequently the numbers of prostitutes in that city diminished to such an extent that at present only the original hostel remains. It now accommodates two hundred women, and there is room for fifty more.

Entrance into the prophylactoria is in all cases voluntary, but in order to be admitted the women must agree to stay for at least one year. While in residence they are given medical treatment for whatever diseases they may have—tuberculosis is also very common among prostitutes—are taught a trade, and are given avocational training according to their aptitudes. Women are sent to the prophylactoria from the numerous social agencies, usually those connected with hospitals, venereal-disease clinics, and travelers' aid societies. Occasionally they apply for admittance of their own accord. By far the largest numbers are reached, however, when the police make periodic round-ups of homeless women. Although they are not arrested, every effort is made to encourage them to enter a prophylactorium if they are diseased. In any case all venereally infected persons are required to undergo treatment whether or not they enter special institutions. Responsibility for infecting others with a venereal disease rests squarely on the diseased person. Anyone who is the source of such infection may be subject to three years' imprisonment, although sentence is passed only after the second offense. As soon as a venereally infected person is discovered, he is instructed in his responsibility to the community and to himself, and after such instruction he is considered criminally liable if he spreads the disease. Mental defectives and others not responsible for their actions are confined in appropriate institutions.

It is not difficult to persuade prostitutes to enter the prophylactoria. They are usually homeless and jobless, and the prophylactoria offer both a place to live and regular wages. They also provide good medical care and assume responsibility for finding jobs and lodgings for the women after they are discharged. The rules governing residents in the prophylactoria are simple and do not tend to restrict personal freedom. The women regularly attend trade-union and other meetings, go to concerts, and are encouraged to develop personal contacts outside of the institution.

Part of the women's earnings is deducted to pay for their board and to provide a nest egg when they leave. But by far the largest part is given them to spend as they like, a practice which has been found to have great educational importance. Though occasionally it is difficult to persuade newcomers to take pride in themselves, as a rule their first thought is personal adornment. Through advice on styles an approach can be made to girls who otherwise remain aloof to all friendly overtures. The fact that they are spending their own money and can exercise their own taste breeds a pride and confidence which are essential to the building up of self-respect.

Since Moscow is a textile center, the women work in textile or knitting factories. In other cities, of course, the work is different. In the first years of the prophylactoria the fact that these women had been prostitutes was kept secret from the other workers. But with the growth of popular understanding that prostitution is a responsibility of the whole community the truth is no longer hidden.

Although certainty of employment for residents in the prophylactoria was of great value to the prostitutes themselves, it was not always an effective or permanent means of reestablishing them in normal life, because it tended to set them apart from other workers. It was not until the first Five-Year Plan provided more than enough work for everyone that the prostitutes began to feel they were needed and were not being employed merely because it was feared that they would again become anti-social.

It has been the experience of those in charge of the prophylactoria that prostitutes are frequently hard to manage, moody, subjective, and unreliable. Many of them never acquire the self-discipline necessary to emotional stability even when they are otherwise well adjusted. The tendency to neuroticism is at least in part accounted for by the fact that prostitutes are usually very young. In Moscow in 1931 all prostitutes in the prophylactoria were under twenty-five and one-fourth of them were under sixteen.

There has been no census of prostitutes which covers the whole country, but those most closely connected with the problem are confident that there has been a substantial reduction in the total number each year. There are, however, areas in which prostitution is presenting itself as a new and serious problem. In the new industrial centers there is a tendency for local peasant girls to become camp followers in return for tempting gadgets such as silk stockings and cosmetics. To counteract increased prostitution in these localities great effort is being made to move in workers' families as soon as possible. After that the procedure is the same: prophylactoria, hospitals, clinics, and social agencies are established.

In the older cities professional prostitutes now mainly confine their efforts to attracting foreigners. These "valuta girls" are not many in number and are less of a danger in spreading venereal disease than the otherwise well-adjusted men and women who are given to over-casual sex relations without mercenary inducement.

There have always been maladjusted people in society, and the Soviet Union is no exception; but one way of measuring the success of a social order is by the extent to which it is able to absorb its misfits into normal life and provide opportunities for the social and economic adjustment of its people. In the Soviet Union every effort is being made to eradicate the social and economic factors which contribute to personal maladjustment and unsocial action. Both from a preventive and a therapeutic point of view this social approach to personal problems has met with considerable success because it tolerates none of the moralistic attitudes which tend to obscure the main issues.

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Our Journalistic Noblesse

BY GEORGE SELDES

IN THE early 1920's, when I asked the director of our foreign-news service why he had chosen Mr. A to succeed me in the capital of X, he replied: "Because A is the only reporter we have who doesn't speak the language. He knows nothing about the country. In fact, he is the only man we have who has never visited Europe. So you see he will be unaffected by the propaganda and intrigues of those foreigners. What we want is the real American viewpoint."

The Mr. A's whose ignorance of Europe served them so well in the formative days of several American foreign-news services, with various more enlightened colleagues, are now serving as the intelligent American's guide to international affairs, combining high adventure, derring-do, and romance with philosophic trimmings by Freud and Stekel, William James and Karl Marx. The world is their ovster cocktail and the best-seller list their clubroom.

There you will find Vincent Sheean (once Jimmy to his pals) recounting his personal history, Walter Duranty claiming he writes as he pleases, John Gunther telling the inside story of Europe, and Negley Farson confessing his transgressions. It was not so long ago that H. R. Knickerbocker, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Eugene Lyons, Anna Louise Strong, and others uttered historical or sensational remarks on Germany and Russia, while Larry Rue, the first foreign correspondent to fly his own airplane, told of Afghanistan, and Mrs. Marguerite Harrison confessed she was an American secret-service operator while masquerading as a representative of the Baltimore *Sun* and the Associated Press.

All these men and women were my colleagues. For fifteen years I worked with them in Europe, and now as I read their best-selling books I too am carried away by the excitement, physical or mental, the spirit of adventure, the thrill of history in the making, and at times the tropical romantic pages which have brought such unprecedented popularity to the noblesse of the reportorial profession, the foreign correspondents. If these books affect me in this way, how much more fascinating must they appear to the lay reader! And what a heroic portrait they must give of the authors!

Yet, strange as it may sound in realistic days, this knightly stained-glass picture is not entirely false. This colorful panel, begun by Floyd Gibbons in war time, exhibited on the stage by Sam (and Bella) Spewack of the old New York *World,* touched up today by Negley Farson, who might have stepped out of the crossed works of Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry, is the picture of the glorified reporter.

Between him and the journalist there is no sharp differentiation, inasmuch as most newspapermen on foreign service go through both phases. To illustrate, there was the famous Genoa conference, when the Bolshevik diplomats, in mysterious official silence, made their first appearance in Western Europe. There were more than 450 journalists at this conference, most of them with spats and canes, who stood around in respectful attitudes. But among them were two New York reporters freshly arrived, and they did what every reporter and no journalist would ever do: one of them crashed through the third day's diplomatic parade to the convention hall, seized Chicherin by the coat, and extracted the first interview with a Russian; the other by hook or crook, probably the latter, got a world scoop on the Russo-German treaty. For reporters on European service, manners and ethics, unwritten codes, and diplomatic protocols have no more importance than at home, and they pursue their prey in the manner they made notorious during the Lindbergh honeymoon. For them Europe is no more than a glorified police court.

But for the majority of newspapermen abroad all life is not running to a fire, or even to a revolution. The reporters in time become journalists. The Walter Duranty who catapulted out of Cambridge University and the Paris office of the *Times* into a life of scoops, the Dorothy Thompson of the King Karl of Hungary adventure, the Jimmy Sheean of the Riffi No Man's Land inevitably join the non-adventurers like Edgar Mowrer and William Henry Chamberlin and Louis Fischer in serious contemplation of the European scene and the prosaic work which marks the journalist as compared to the adventurer-reporter. At the risk of destroying all illusions, I have summed up under seven headings the activities of an American journalist *in partibus infidelium.*

1. Ear-biting. This is not the most important source of news but the recommended first step. It consists in getting oriented by pumping dry your colleagues who live in the capital and know the country well, the term ear-biting being the invention, I believe, of that same Mr. Spewack who broke up the Genoa conference and retired to Broadway and Hollywood. (Incidentally, the most famous ear-biter in Europe is the journalist Isaac Marcosson, who has glorified for American hero-seekers the three leading charlatans of Europe—Hugo Stinnes, Ivar Kreuger, and our old colleague B. Mussolini.)

2. The press of the country. Some say that 75 per cent and others that 95 per cent of the foreign news sent to America comes from the newspapers in the countries where correspondents are stationed; at any rate it is acknowledged that this press is the source of most of it. In Berlin my assistant and I read forty papers a day, including the leading Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Munich, and Dresden dailies, and got most of our news from them. In

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London you do not even have to trouble much about translating.

3. News services. Although the Associated Press has tied knots around all the official and semi-official news agencies, almost every journalist buys one or more rival services. He also hires a parliamentary reporter and uses string men in the provinces—the latter erroneously named after their American prototypes who keep a string of their dispatches and are paid space rates.

4. Hand-outs. Although European governments do not do much handing out of "news," a major Washington activity, the press bureaus furnish considerable usable material, obtain statements which later appear as interviews, and generally supply a fair part of your cable crop.

5. Scoops: bought and paid for. You may remember that Mr. Hearst and one of his reporters named Horan were expelled from France after publishing a world scoop about a Franco-British naval agreement. That document was purchased. You will not remember the world scoop on Admiral Scheer's report on the Battle of Jutland to the Kaiser; that item cost me only $50 in gold. Exclusive interviews with Lloyd George at certain times were part of a contract; and once when I begged Professor Einstein for a statement he agreed on condition the Chicago *Tribune* would donate $25 to the Palestine fund. Lindbergh and Byrd flew the Atlantic for the *Times;* King Tut's tomb was opened for the London *Times;* the first Zeppelin trip to America belonged to the Hearst service; and a dozen of the big stories and scoops of recent times, including Queen Marie, were bought and paid for by the North American Newspaper Alliance.

6. Think pieces. Despite forty newspapers, the various news services, the bought scoops, and the stuff from the foreign office, it frequently happens, in fact several days a week, that there is no news, or that the situation is in such flux that no definite bulletin news can be made out of it. Whereupon the foreign correspondent sits lightly down and taps two hundred or a thousand words out of his head. These are known as think pieces. The layman can detect them easily by watching for the stock phrases: "I learn on good authority" (a favorite with the British type of journalist); "in official circles it was said"; "a usually reliable source informs your correspondent"; and when all else fails, an even more anonymous, "it is reported."

Take, for example, the cables from Mr. Duranty. This correspondent has now reached a position where he can put his best pronoun forward and say "I," but it has been an unwritten rule among American newspapermen to hang the news on someone else. "No one gives a damn what *you* think," is the way one of my editors once put it to me. So you write your own think piece with the phrase "in high circles," and it is immediately regarded with the proper awe by the receiving end. Of course I cannot tell how many of the Duranty cables which contained these qualifying lines were out of high circles and how many out of his mind, but on rereading them I find that they were usually intelligent and frequently brilliant, and never tendentious.

Consider, on the other hand, the think pieces of Mr. Duranty's colleague in Rome. Last October, for instance, Mussolini was facing a blockade, whereupon the Cortesi think piece informed us that "the European situation is considered here to have become critical. . . . It is interpreted as evidence that Britain is ready to go to war . . . the belief that the present deadlock is inevitably leading toward a European war consequently is gaining ground." Now this is a fair example of tendentious reporting; it is a think piece which either originated in the Cortesi head or was planted there by the propagandists of the Foreign Office.

7. "Original work"—by native assistants. The foreign correspondent, on taking over a European capital, usually surrounds himself with assistants, American and native. Sometimes the work of the Americans is signed, but usually it is unsigned and frequently it is credited to the head of the bureau. Natives of course get no recognition. But very often, when there is a scoop or a fine piece of "original" work produced by one of them, it is blazoned and headlined with the illustrious name of the American correspondent who is the head of the bureau. (Having stated orally for a decade that a large number of my masterpieces were the work of my American assistant, Miss Sigrid Schultz, I now hasten belatedly to say so in print.)

These seven headings I believe account for 90 per cent of the time and work of a foreign correspondent. This 90 per cent is routine work, leaving only 10 per cent for war, revolution, coup d'état, violence, and romantic adventure, subjects occupying 90 per cent of the volumes of personal history, memoirs, and autobiography which in the course of time make their best-seller appearances. Very naturally their authors are too good judges of human interest to ask their readers to spend time on the dull, everyday office work when there is so much to tell about kings and dictators, rebels and charlatans, plots, the rise and fall of dynasties, the armed march of economic and social philosophies.

This is what the life of foreign correspondents has been like ever since the great expansion which occurred during and as a result of the World War. Up to that time the few who comprised the corps—outside the news-agency men—were considered a luxury, but in 1919 not only all the New York morning newspapers but the Chicago *Tribune,* Chicago *Daily News, Christian Science Monitor,* and Philadelphia *Public Ledger* extended or established services, and the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* Baltimore *Sun,* Detroit *News,* Detroit *Free Press,* Newark *News,* and other important papers sent one or more permanent correspondents to Europe.

While it is true that not many of these men and women who became the nobility of American journalism were chosen originally because of their ignorance and provincialism, as in the case of my successor at X, it is equally true that few of us were especially fitted for the job. Several of us were accidents: we were in the army, or we happened to be in Europe, or we pulled the best strings in the home office because we considered the foreign assignment an adventure or good fun or a chance to see the world on an expense account. There were few Mow-

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rers, Durantys, and Chamberlins among the lot, more Gibbonses and Rues and Farsons. The majority, it is safe to say, were reporters not journalists, and we never had a thought in the world outside the production of news. (I speak of course only for the twenty capitals where I have been stationed.) Some of my colleagues drank themselves to death, several reformed, some made love to each other's wives, one committed suicide, several were married or divorced or psychoanalyzed, most of them shot dice and played poker, one made a fortune in foreign real estate, two wrote poetry, one collected shoes, nearly all tried their hands at plays and novels. They were no more cowardly or bold than other workmen who live in economic insecurity, although they gave a swaggering appearance of brave freedom.

Generally speaking, the majority of foreign correspondents in my time were men who took no sides, who did "straight" reporting, spent most of their time in their offices, wrote a few think pieces, kept themselves neutral in all political storms, never entered entangling alliances (except amorous) in European countries, and maintained pretty well the American provincial attitude of looking down upon everything foreign. But after reading the numerous important and valuable books which have been written lately by foreign correspondents, I realize that everything is different now. Obviously and almost without exception the men who have been cabling about bolshevism and fascism, the collapse of the capitalist system, wars and revolutions, have really been thinking about them. They seem suddenly to have discovered that there are economic forces at work in a world whose adventurous surface they have reported; not only have they found a social conscience loose in Europe, but they seem to have sounded themselves and also found it within. They have apparently advanced from reporters of symptoms to interpreters of cause and effect. At least in their books.

Rather than explain this phenomenon I would just welcome it as another proof that the first to recognize a sinking social system and move to higher ground are the intelligent minority. The journalistic noblesse seems to have come of age since that day when the linguistically crippled, the socially irresponsible, the economically illiterate were thought the best representatives in foreign lands, and when Ring Lardner was sent by his Chicago newspaper to write "the comic side of the World War."

Shall We Send Them Back to Hitler?

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

CASE One. Walter Saupe is nineteen, short and solid of body, with a broad, pleasant face and a firm, quick handclasp. He was born in Penig, a semi-industrial town in Saxony. Both his parents were workers, belonging to unions and workers' clubs. His mother died in 1931. Two years later his father, who had been active in the German underground movement, "disappeared." The boy believes he was killed.

His brother, Paul, is "different." He quarreled with his family in 1930 and became a storm trooper—Walter thinks because he wanted to wear a uniform and boots and carry a revolver—and is now a member of the Schutzstaffel, one of the mainstays of Hitlerism.

At seventeen Walter was taken to a forced-labor camp in East Prussia and given war training for thirty-seven weeks at the equivalent of seventy-five cents a week. He was an anti-Nazi before. In camp he became a passionate anti-Hitlerite.

A year and a half ago he got a job as a stoker's helper on the Hamburg-American liner Reliance. Soon he began to have trouble with the second officer, who was the political organizer of the Nazi cell aboard the ship. Walter was lax, it seems, about greeting his superiors with the required "Heil Hitler!" He would turn his back, become preoccupied with his work, indeed do anything to avoid giving the salute. For a time the officers considered him just a damfool kid, and he escaped extreme Nazi treatment because of his youth.

Then one day, when the ship happened to be in New York, the captain saw him pass the swastika flag without saluting. He was ordered to raise his arm and shout, "Heil Hitler!" He refused and was told he would be taught to salute his country's new national emblem when the ship got to sea. Fearing he might be beaten and, on his arrival in Hamburg, sent to a concentration camp, he jumped ship, and with the aid of some near-relatives in New York found a job as a bus boy in a restaurant in Manhattan.

His desertion and political character, apparently, were reported to the Nazi authorities in Germany. Months passed. Then, on February 14, the New York *Staats-Zeitung* printed an official notice of the local German consulate, asking anyone who knew the whereabouts of several persons, whose names and descriptions were listed, to get in touch with the consul-general. In the list appeared the name and description of young Walter Saupe, followed by the remark that his brother—the Nazi, with whom he is not on speaking terms—was seeking him.

On February 17, obviously after some agent of the Third Reich had telephoned to Ellis Island, an immigration agent came to the boy's place of employment and arrested him as an illegal entrant deportable under the law. I saw him on Ellis Island three days later. He did not know who had reported him to the consulate, but imagined it was someone who did not suspect that the remark "brother seeking him" was part of the trap designed to catch a refugee from Nazi terrorism.

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Case Two. Joseph Ganghofer is a "pure Aryan," a man in his middle years. For a decade or longer he was a well-known restaurateur and mountain-hotel keeper in Bavaria. Once he was also a leading storm trooper in his district. He had joined the Nazis "for business reasons after Hitler came to power." But Hitlerism went against his grain and one day early in 1935 he gave vent to his hate for the regime. Whereupon, to escape the concentration camp or even assassination, it became necessary for him to leave Germany in twenty-four hours. In his haste to get out of the country, Ganghofer went to a town where officials had not yet heard of his great sin against the *Führer* and got a passport and visa which had certain technical deficiencies but which, in March of that year, admitted him to the United States as a visitor. The visa expired two months after his arrival here and could not be renewed because of its imperfections. He was here. Where could he go without a visa? What could he do?

Deutsches Generalkonsulat
17 Battery Place
NEW YORK CITY

Die nachstehend namhaft gemachten Personen werden gebeten, sich beim Deutschen Generalkonsulat, 17 Battery Place, New York City, Zimmer 1941, in den Geschäftsstunden zwischen 9 und 2 Uhr, Samstags bis 12 Uhr, zu melden oder ihre Adresse mitzuteilen.

Gleichzeitig ergeht an diejenigen, die über den gegenwärtigen Aufenthalt der Gesuchten Angaben machen können, die ergebene Bitte, das Generalkonsulat zu verständigen.

Saupe, Walter, geb. 2. Mai 1916 in Penig; fuhr auf Dampfer „Reliance". Bruder sucht ihn.

He decided to stay in America illegally. He changed his name, got himself a job as a cook, and joined a chef's union, which contained numerous Nazis, including one who recognized him as Ganghofer, a man who was in extreme disfavor back home and a deportable alien here. Nazi secret agents in New York, it is believed, reported him to the immigration authorities on Ellis Island, who came and arrested him.

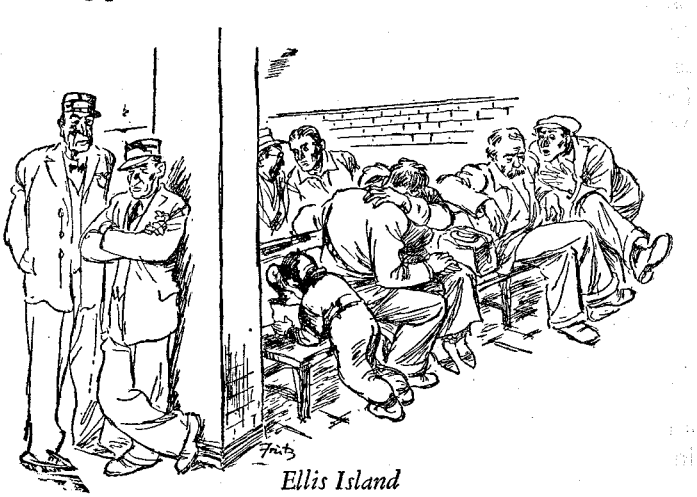
I give only two cases of imminent deportation to Nazi Germany; but they are typical of several now perplexing the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign-Born, which is trying to help the men get the right of asylum in this country. Both Saupe and Ganghofer are in extreme danger of being sent back where they came from under the provisions of existing immigration laws, and if they are returned to their native land they are almost certain to be put into concentration camps and perhaps beaten to death, as was Hans Kist, a recent deportee from Canada.

The law pertaining to the deportation of aliens, passed in 1918, says, "Deport them!" The Secretary of Labor has no discretion about it. But if I know anything about America, the tradition of this country is, "Let them stay!" In his Thanksgiving Proclamation of 1795 George Washington expressed the hope of seeing the United States "more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries." When the reverberations of the European revolutionary movement of the eighteenth century disturbed the minds of the early Americans, and timid souls rushed into the enactment of alien-and-sedition laws, Thomas Jefferson, who caused the repeal of those laws, asked: "Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitive from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?"

After the abortive Hungarian revolution in 1848 the United States extended hospitality to Kossuth and his compatriots; and when the Hapsburg government demanded the return of one of the latter, Secretary of State March wrote to the Austro-Hungarian chargé: "To surrender political offenders . . . is not a duty; but, on the contrary, compliance with such a demand would be considered a dishonorable subserviency to a foreign power, and an act meriting the reprobation of mankind."

That is the American tradition, which apparently was ignored or forgotten when the Congress of the United States in the hysterical post-war era enacted laws restricting immigration and providing for the deportation of certain classes of aliens—with the shocking result that now the immigration service finds itself doing recruiting duty for German concentration camps.

Only recently, in connection with an anniversary celebration of the University in Exile, President Roosevelt, writing to Alvin Johnson, patted the country on the back for admitting Jewish scholars fleeing from Hitler's fury. But how about poor workers like young Saupe, or a man like Ganghofer, and others like them? Shouldn't they be given refuge here, too? Shouldn't the Administration get Congress to authorize the Secretary of Labor, who has charge of administering immigration and deportation laws, to use discretion in such cases and make it possible for the Saupes and Ganghofers to obtain temporary renewable permits to stay here till such time as they can safely return home, or to acquire the status of immigrants under the existing quota system without having to go through the formality of leaving this country and returning? Or if the Administration is too busy with bigger things, isn't there some group in Congress which could introduce and press through a resolution giving the Secretary of Labor temporary power of discretion to stay deportation in such cases, and then try to pass a bill—perhaps some such measure as Vito Marcantonio introduced on June 6, 1935, assuring political refugees asylum in the United States?



Ellis Island

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The Fate of the Supreme Court

BY MAX LERNER

IN THE halcyon days before the Schechter decision Professor Corwin of Princeton had the courage to write a book under the title "The Twilight of the Supreme Court." He said that the court was on its way to a dignified but ineffectual old age, and that its sun was setting. The book was a good book and a learned book. It was well reasoned, and its conclusion should have been a sound one. But scarcely was the ink dry on its pages when the court handed down the first of its series of hostile decisions on the Roosevelt legislation. Instead of subsiding into twilight, it shone forth with the blaze of noonday strength.

The moral, is, I suppose, that it is always bad policy to compose a man's obituary before he is for certain dead. Yet Professor Corwin was less wrong than would appear. During the next decade or more the power of the Supreme Court will undoubtedly be challenged as never before. But if there is a decline in the court's power it will not come about by any gentle slipping into euthanasia. It will come about only after a stiff fight. There are any number of evidences that the fight has already begun. The court is now entering its iron age.

For one thing we are witnessing the first signs of a crack-up in what I called in my first article the sense of the divine right of judges. While Americans are still strongly imbued with it, they are no longer in a complete innocence about such matters. They are beginning to learn that judicial decisions are not babies brought by constitutional storks but are born out of the travail of economic circumstance. The poll held after the Hoosac decision by the American Institute of Public Opinion showed that some 53 per cent of those polled were in favor of requiring more than a Supreme Court majority to invalidate an act of Congress. That is in itself almost a revolution in American opinion. And the crack-up in opinion will grow every year as economic collapse makes legislation on a national scale more necessary.

But the court will have ample support in the struggle that lies ahead. It will have of course the driving force of the vested interests with all their control over the molding of public opinion. But it will have even more powerfully the strongest support that any tribunal or institution can have—namely, fear. I do not mean fear of the court, fear of the judicial power, the fear that one has of the whiplash of tyrants. I mean fear of not having the court. I mean the terrible fear of change and the unknown, which is to so many people more powerful than the felt needs and pressures of today. It is fear and not will that underlies a good part of our politics—the creeping fear of people who do not want to make decisions, and prefer to surrender their decisions to others. This sort of womb-retreat is no unknown thing to political psychology. It is a phenomenon familiar enough in fascism. We are just beginning now in America really to explore and understand the length and breadth and depth of the middle-class mentality in our politics. For that mentality the court's ancient sureness seems something not to be abandoned, lest we confront an uncharted future. If this is only a social myth it has thus far been a necessary one. It will have to do until we build a new set of necessary myths that are emotionally rooted not in fear but in the collective will, and economically rooted not in the class power of the dominant group but in an expanding economy for all. When that has happened, the struggle over the judicial power will be over, and the Supreme Court's iron age will be at an end.

Proposals for dealing with the court have been thick as blackberries. They have come from professional and amateur constitutionalists of every kind. They fall into three general groups: the remedial proposals, those looking toward a Congressional curb on the court's power, and those looking toward a constitutional amendment.

The first group, the remedial, implies the existence and desirability of the court's power. They are more concerned with lopping off the excrescences of that power than with challenging it. Perhaps the simplest proposal is that of a eugenics program for the court. Just as the vitality of the race is held by some to depend on selective breeding and thus getting the right babies, so the proper functioning of the judicial power is held to depend on getting the right judges. And that of course goes back to getting the right Presidents, who will appoint the right judges, who will in turn render the right decisions. This view, of course, sees judicial decisions as almost entirely a matter of the personnel of the court. Everything depends on the individual judge. In this sense, such a view is too optimistic. Individual judges are themselves products: their minds and their direction have been shaped by the dominant institutional forces of our life. Another difficulty is that getting the right President does not seem to insure getting the right judge. Examine the present composition of the court and you will find that Justice Brandeis, leader of the liberals, and Justice McReynolds, the most inveterate tory of them all, were appointees of President Wilson. Justices Stone and Sutherland, almost equally divergent in view, were appointees of President Coolidge. Justices Roberts and Cardozo, confronting each other in opposite judicial trenches, were appointees of President Hoover.

More drastic than the pious hope that better justices will be appointed is the movement for advisory opinions. At present a law is enacted, administrative machinery is set up to enforce it, taxes are levied, government and business expenditures are made on the strength of it, men are set to work—only to have the court, in passing finally on a specific case, declare the whole thing unconstitutional.

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The proposal for advisory opinions would have Congress get from the judges their opinion on the constitutionality of a projected law before it had come into force and economic interests had become entangled with it. The great merit of this proposal is that it would do away with our present uncertainties. And one of the refreshing things about it is that, like the child in the Hans Christian Andersen tale, it innocently announces the nakedness of the king. It recognizes frankly that the court is a third legislative chamber, and insists that since this is so we ought to know the fate of our legislation as quickly as possible.

But for that very reason the proposal runs counter to the entire tradition of the court. That tradition is the tough, concrete tradition of Anglo-Saxon case law, in which the individual case has to bear the freightage of weighty issues. An issue of constitutional law does not arise until a specific case has arisen that involves it. Until then the heavens may fall, but the court knows no generalizations and will give no advice. Its wisdom is a pragmatic one. There is a good deal to be said in support of this approach. The true meaning of a law is not to be found in the bare statute. The statute must take root, like a tree, in the soil of actual circumstance, it must bear a leafage of functioning and consequence before it can be seen as a reality. "How do we know what we think," the judges may ask, "until we see how things work out?"

The proposal from the liberal members of the court is the exact opposite of advisory opinions—namely, judicial self-limitation. This tries to carry the implications of case law all the way. It denies that the court has anything to do with legislation directly, and insists that the judges must restrict themselves to the narrowest issues in the cases that arise. Judicial self-limitation of this sort was an integral part of Justice Holmes's entire philosophy of judicial tolerance. It is part also of Justice Brandeis's philosophy that a case cannot be torn out of its context—and that context includes the impulsions to the legislation, its consequences, and the entire economic and procedural history of the case itself. Judicial self-limitation has always been given some lip-service by the court, as in the rule that the judges will consider no "moot" cases, nor any cases raising only "political questions" (blessedly vague phrase). The deliberately adopted strategy of Justices Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo at present is to push this form of judicial hara-kiri much farther. It has found its best expression in Justice Stone's dissent in the Hoosac case, Justice Cardozo's dissent in the Mayflower Farms case, and Justice Brandeis's concurring opinion in the TVA case. These opinions not only made the general plea of judicial restraint (in Justice Stone's words, "The only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint") but pointed out the two directions in which it is to be exercised: always passing on as few issues as the court can get away with, and always giving the legislature the benefit of any reasonable doubt.

It may well be asked how dependable such a method is in solving the problem of the court's power. It involves not only the selection of extraordinary judges who will be willing to limit their own power. It involves the shaping of a new method, a new mood and temper, a new conception of the scope of the court's power. And to achieve changes in the midst of the present social tensions is a heroic task. The court has never operated in a social vacuum. It has always been an integral part of the social struggles of every period in our history. It has taken its temper from the prevailing ideology of an aggressive individualist capitalism. It has been part of the fiber of a culture dominated by business enterprise. It is terribly hard to expect the court to generate a new humility now. The whole idea of judicial humility is strikingly like the plight of the gigantic Serrovius in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," whose powerful frame shakes with all the passions of a healthy beast, yet whose Christian principles bid him stay his hand whenever it is raised to strike. How can a court cultivate this sort of humility when issues are at stake throughout our national life that touch the justices as much as they touch anyone else? That may account for the fact that, despite the perilous health of several of the justices—in both the liberal and conservative camps—there is no sign of any intention of resigning. They are holding on for dear life, lest someone take their place who views liberty and property differently.

I have mentioned the remedial proposals at some length partly because it is unlikely that we shall get anything more than that in the immediate future, partly because they go to the heart of the problem of the judicial power. But the most discussed proposals are the group that seek directly to curb the court's power. These are the proposals that rouse Liberty Leaguers to the highest pitch of fury. But they are not new. Although they have never been advanced in such profusion until this year, they have cropped up periodically when the court was under attack.

The simplest way to curb the court would seem to be to "pack" it. Congress has undisputed power to determine the size of the court. In Jackson's Administration the number of judges was increased from seven to nine in order to counterbalance the influence of the Marshall tradition. Under Lincoln, during the Civil War, the court was conveniently increased to ten, to make it safe for the war powers of the President. There seems to be ample proof that Grant packed the court in order to get a favorable decision on the Legal Tender cases. This is a technique that Mr. Roosevelt might have used if an unfavorable NRA decision had come down earlier than it did, while the country was still under the spell of the New Deal; and especially if the court had been closely divided on the issue. Now such a procedure would be fruitless—and what is more, impossible with a campaign pending. Eventually of course an Administration with enough temerity may do what the liberals did in England to the House of Lords—threaten the creation of so many new justices that under the threat the court would yield up some of its power.

The most frequent suggestion for a judicial curb is to regulate not the numbers on the court but the manner of their voting. It would provide that a majority of the justices were not enough to invalidate an act of Congress. Some number such as seven or eight or more than two-thirds of the court is usually suggested. The obvious

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answer is of course that, granted the existence of the judicial power, this would leave the decision on constitutionality in the hands of one or two justices. The answer to that answer is that just such an event is intended: that since you can usually count on one or two justices who will vote on the side of Congress, this leaves the decision on economic issues where it belongs—with Congress and the President. Another device, intended to have somewhat the same effect, would be to provide that unfavorable court decisions could be overruled by a two-thirds' vote of Congress. Still another would be to abolish entirely, by Congressional action, the court's right to invalidate acts of Congress; or to take certain types of cases or certain issues of legislation out of the jurisdiction of the court.

About all of these the same three questions arise. Are they constitutional? Would they be effective? Could they be accomplished? A strong case could be made out, on the basis of precedent, that Congress has the power to set the conditions under which the Supreme Court shall function, and that such a power would include the regulation of its numbers, voting, jurisdiction. The supreme irony of the whole situation is of course that whether Congress has such a power would have to be finally decided by the court itself. And it is very unlikely that, given the present temper of the court and the present tension of the country, the court would be willing to sign its own death warrant. If it did, some such proposal would seem an eminently desirable one.

One proposal for dealing with the court's power that has the amazing distinction of being favored by both sides is the amending process. The liberals and radicals want it because it seems to them a fundamental attack on the whole problem. The conservatives don't object to it because they don't really think an amendment has any chance of being adopted. The idea is therefore one calculated to assuage them in their present constitutional agony, and postpone a reckoning to the dateless future.

The questions that have been most often raised as to what form a constitutional amendment would take seem to me comparatively unimportant. We are not lacking in the political inventiveness and legislative draftsmanship adequate to solve the problem. More serious is the question whether the court will not interpret away any amendment, no matter how skilfully and shrewdly drawn, just as it has interpreted away many a statute in the past. But most serious of all are the issues of power. An amendment giving Congress the right to legislate on all issues affecting agriculture, industry, labor, and finance on a national scale would be so direct a path to the control of business enterprise by the state that it would meet the massed force of opposition from business enterprise. What lengths that opposition would go to it is now difficult to say. But it is clear that such an amendment could be carried through only as part of a larger movement not only to curb the court's power but to establish a controlled economy. Such a movement involves a greater degree of organization of the productive groups in our society than has yet been achieved, and a new political alignment. Into it the best democratic energies of the country will be poured. The court and the country are both entering on an iron age. The struggles of that age will determine whether the promise of American life can be made constitutional.

[*This is the last of four articles by Mr. Lerner on The Riddle of the Supreme Court.*]

Murder and Karl Marx

BY MARY McCARTHY

TO THE habitual detective-story reader a recent and popular mystery, "The Washington Legation Murders," by Van Wyck Mason, may have been an eye-opener. The habitual detective-story reader has surely never been obsessed by the quarrel between art and propaganda. Undoubtedly he believes that his favorite nightly reading matter is as free from political or class propaganda as his morning crossword puzzle, though a serious-minded Marxist might point out to him that the puzzle which daily defines the three-letter word "red" not as a "primary color" but as "radical" is not itself above reproach. The most somnolent reader-for-relaxation, however, must have recognized that Van Wyck Mason's latest thriller is about as empty of political implications as a Liberty League dinner. With "The Washington Legation Murders," Mr. Mason, hitherto a slipshod fashioner of third-rate bafflers, has on the eve of a campaign year emerged as a social thinker. His reflections on government and society center in this story about the passage through Congress of an anti-espionage act, which to the hero, Captain North of the Intelligence Service, spells "security" for the United States, and to the villain, an insurgent Senator who might be Borah or Norris or Nye, seems "a direct step toward fascism," "inspired by jingoes, war mongers, and munition makers." Mr. Mason is candid about his political sympathies. In a discussion of armaments he couples Russia with Japan; he makes a sympathetic character refer to anti-war newspapers as "pacifist rags"; he sneers at the progressive Senators who oppose the bill as delegates from "parasite" or "poor-relation" states, and elsewhere describes them simply as "jackasses." The leader of a lobby in favor of the act is called "the commander of a truly patriotic veterans' organization," and third-degree police methods are emphatically indorsed. Before the story is over, the "silver-tongued" insurgent Senator is shown up as a crook and a traitor to his country, and Mr. Mason has expressed his faith in that "fundamental common sense of the American people" which had already sent prohibition and the NRA to the showers.

"The Washington Legation Murders," however, is not

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the first example of what might be called the class-conscious mystery story; it is merely the most brazen. Within the last decade or so the detective story has for various reasons become increasingly social-minded. Ten or fifteen years ago only the crudest mystery yarns dabbled in national or international politics. Those stepbrothers of the adventure story, fathered by Wallace and Oppenheim and Rohmer, which featured action at the expense of detection and specialized in international spies and Chinese dope smugglers, were occasionally vocal about the Teutonic or the Yellow Peril, but the average respectable detective story stayed serenely above the battle.

In the early and middle nineteen twenties the interest was focused on the puzzle. A well-to-do gentleman (usually English) was found dead in his study; all the doors and windows were locked, yet the fatal weapon was missing. How and by whom was he killed? The murdered man's relatives, his partners, his neighbors, his heirs, his butler, and his solicitor fell under suspicion, and more often than not the solicitor, who up to the denouement had been kept well in the background, was the guilty party. This stage setting and this cast of characters were practically standard. For variety's sake the victim might meet his end in the spinney or the copse or even in his bedroom, and a discarded mistress might be introduced for a sexual thrill and a revenge motive, but the general pattern of the crime remained orthodox, and the human beings involved in it were about as real as the A and B of the algebra problems who are forever digging ditches or raising chickens. An unlikely character was inevitably the murderer, and as detective-story readers became more perspicacious, writers selected more and more unlikely criminals, until the chief of police, the amateur detective, indeed, the narrator of the story himself might be proved to be the blackest of villains, while the wastrel nephew who stood to gain fifty thousand pounds by his uncle's unnatural death was as innocent as a lamb. Persistent detective-story readers, however, quickly fathomed these authors' devices, and came to regard the most guileless character with suspicion. So the pendulum began to swing back. A *mildly* suspicious character is now regularly unmasked as the murderer, and soon a baffler will be written in which the person seen running from the scene of the crime with a smoking revolver in his hand will be found to have committed the murder.

The possibilities of the puzzle, in other words, are all but exhausted. The detective-story writer has been stalemated. He has asked "Who did it?" and he has given virtually all the available or even conceivable answers. The question, "How was it done?" has been explored with equal thoroughness. The well-to-do gentleman, who was originally shot or stabbed, has by this time been strangled, drowned, gassed, pushed over cliffs, burned to death, poisoned by every known and unknown poison; he has been shot by mechanical contrivances which required no human hand to set them in motion; the base of his skull has been pierced by an icicle which melted away, leaving no trace. The question, "Why was it done?" never one of primary interest, has also been answered to everyone's satisfaction. The answers to these three questions having been given and regiven, combined and recombined, the detective story as a scientific treatment of the problem of murder has lost its technical interest. To hold the attention of its enormous public the detective story has been forced to leave its special, technical, rather abstract field and come out into the world. It has been obliged, in short, to ask a fourth and not quite relevant question, "Where was it done?" The detective-story writer today is absorbed in the answers to that question; he is preoccupied with milieu.

Dorothy Sayers, one of the best of the mystery novelists, was perhaps the first to admit defeat at the hands of her medium, and to turn to the worlds of science and art for assistance. Her most recent stories have been, in all truth, treatises on painting, advertising, and bell-ringing. Other writers in search of milieu, less gifted or less energetic than Miss Sayers, have devoted themselves, some avidly, some half-heartedly, to politics and social problems. Politics and social problems have, in fact, become the mystery writer's playground, partly because politics has always been a best-seller, and mystery writers are not without commercial instincts; and partly because it is generally believed that painting, or psychology, or deep-sea diving are matters for experts, while politics is anybody's onion. In the last two years an extraordinary number of mysteries have concerned themselves exclusively with the political scene. There have been "Death Is a Tory," "The Brain Trust Murders," "The Case of the Dead Diplomat," "Death Wears a Purple Shirt," "Death in Four Letters," "Death of an Eloquent Man," "The Communist's Corpse," "The Washington Legation Murders," and many others. There have been an even greater number

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which have contained some political or economic interludes; and practically every detective story, in its manipulation of characters, draws some kind of class line.

Ten or fifteen years ago, of course, mystery stories also drew class lines, but these stories were so abstract, so remote from contemporary life, that the lines were faint. Since the murder almost always took place at a country estate, the economic set-up was feudal. The only member of the lower orders to fall under suspicion was the butler. The gardener or the scullery maid or the porter, if questioned at all, was merely unfailingly ready to swear that a tall man in a brown overcoat, gray spats, and a moustache had been lingering about the manor house at 4:43 on the afternoon of the crime. Today, in the realistic, urbanized murder mystery, the proletariat keeps its retentive memory, but it has new functions as well. Indeed, it is axiomatic that any member of the proletariat will be suspected of murder if he enters a modern mystery story as a character and not as a storehouse of facts. Certain members of the upper classes—the lovers, the aged, the clergy—are usually above suspicion. The proletarian is presumed guilty from the start, though it generally turns out that he was not so bad as he looked, merely an escaped convict, not a murderer. (To this generalization there is but one notable exception, the street-walker, who alone of the disenfranchised in recent mysteries appears as a lovable, sympathetic character.) If the average mystery-story proletarian of Anglo-Saxon lineage is an unpleasant personality, the average proletarian of foreign extraction is apt to be nothing short of loathsome.

Such simple-minded chauvinism and such childish class hatred are, in most cases, probably not conscious. To create an original villainous thug would be difficult; to use a handy stencil is a great deal less trouble; and our capitalist nationalist economy has furnished the lazy writer of detective fiction with innumerable stencils of villainy—the sinister Chinese, the surly day laborer, the oleaginous Jew—all ready to his hand. There is, however, a sizable minority of mystery fashioners whose political thought processes are not nearly so subliminal, writers who have recognized the detective story for the potential propaganda weapon it is and who deliberately cram the interstices of the mystery structure with political theorizing.

It goes almost without saying, of course, that few of these writers have taken up the cudgels for the downtrodden. Carter Dickson, the author of "The White Priory Murders," "The Red Widow Murders," and several others, is perhaps the most advanced thinker in his field, for he has actually gone so far as to let his detective, Sir Henry Merivale, naturally a sympathetic character, number a lifelong adherence to socialism among his other eccentricities. Among British writers fascism is at the moment a very popular mystery-story subject. A few authors, like R. C. Woodthorpe—who loves Kipling and hates pacifists and allows his detective to say of Hitler, "I have a sneaking admiration for that man"—view fascism with a mixture of repugnance and fascination. The majority, however, have not a kind word to say for it, but offer in its place only a puzzled and extremely anemic liberalism. Francis Beeding, the author of "Death in Four Letters," is typical of the English anti-fascist detective-story writers. His book is a fervid denunciation of the international munitions makers and a plea for state manufacture of armaments, yet it ends with a conference in Nazi Germany at which a prominent and diabolical figure is the delegate from Moscow! E. C. R. Lorac, the author of "Murder in Chelsea," is equally confused; he paints a most unfavorable picture of fascism in high social and intellectual circles, but then hangs the murder on the cook and marries his heroine off to a fascist leader.

American class-conscious mystery-story writers are not much interested in fascism, but they do present a virtually united front against any form of social innovation, and they frequently speak with a good deal of enthusiasm of rubber-hose police methods. In the run-of-the-mill detective story of this type the expression of political convictions is merely a matter of routine nose-thumbing at government relief, the NRA, labor leaders, and Soviet Russia; but two new writers have arisen, both sponsored by the publishing firm of Smith and Haas, who convey their ideas with equal venom but greater subtlety. These writers, Joel Dane and Richard Wormser, both young men, are in their field intellectuals. They have a nodding acquaintance with the teachings and followers of Marx, an acquaintance which, apparently, they find distasteful. They are, however, bright enough to spoof the reds, not to flay them. "Murder Cum Laude," for instance, a college mystery story by Mr. Dane, contains the following analysis—irrelevant to the plot—of radicalism in our universities:

> The campus Communists [says the hero about the members of the Liberal Club] . . . they're getting ready for the big doings tomorrow. . . . It'll be Union Square style complete. . . . Tomorrow's outbreak is due to be a protest against the ROTC. It doesn't matter that the ROTC is not compulsory here and that interest in it is so feeble that there are barely enough men enrolled to keep the unit alive. They're going to demonstrate anyhow . . . this campus radical business is a good deal of a racket. Mason, the leader of the liberals, covers campus news at space rates for two of the downtown newspapers. A couple of times a year his disciples put on one of these shows and it means real money in his pocket. . . .

Mr. Wormser, author of "The Man with the Wax Face" and "The Communist's Corpse," gives equally bland explanations of "red" phenomena. Both Mr. Dane and Mr. Wormser are briskly contemptuous of the old-fashioned school of thought which held that radicals are dangerous. "Most Communists and other 'wabblies' [sic] . . . are a nuisance . . . and they mostly hang around Union Square," Mr. Wormser says. To their enlightened eyes radicals are ludicrous, rather dishonorable, and (insists Mr. Wormser) distressingly dirty. Mr. Wormser and Mr. Dane, if they are familiar with the work of Van Wyck Mason, must feel nothing but scorn for his blunderbuss tactics; yet they are fellow-travelers. Together they have hauled the already toppling detective story down from its Euclidean pinnacle and enlisted in it the service of the status quo. It remains for the writers of the left wing once again to borrow the methods of the bourgeoisie and to make murder the handmaiden not of Morgan but of Marx.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT IS a most astounding fact that, despite all the charges against Mr. Roosevelt and his alleged Socialist policies, there has never been a Democratic leadership which has gone farther in taking over various old-line Republican policies than has Mr. Roosevelt's. Al Smith in his Liberty League speech said that the Democrats had caught the Socialists in bathing and had made off with their clothes. But an equally skilled arguer could make out as good a case for the contention that the Democrats have also made off with many Republican clothes. With all the spick-and-span garments of the New Deal and, in addition, clothes cut to Socialist and Republican patterns, no politicians ever had a larger sartorial array.

The most striking evidence of the interchangeability of party issues is the fact that the Roosevelt Administration has abandoned the Democratic policy of obtaining low tariffs through the Congress. Unlike the Cleveland and Wilson Democratic administrations, it has never introduced a general tariff bill, but has sought to obtain the same end by making bilateral agreements—that is, special bargains—with foreign governments. The Hoover tariff, better known as the Hawley-Smoot Act, remains on our statute books unchallenged. Next, it is noteworthy that Mr. Roosevelt has completely gone over to the Republican theory of great armaments. While it is true that under Grover Cleveland the reconstruction of the navy was begun, it has never been Democratic policy to go out for record-breaking armaments. Even more striking is the sight of a Democratic Secretary of Commerce, Daniel C. Roper, urging the policy of ship subsidies—against which the Democrats stood with united front in the administrations of Harrison, McKinley, and succeeding Presidents. Every time this proposal has come to the fore, Democratic and Republican votes have defeated it—chiefly the former. Yet no one in the Administration today seems to see any inconsistency in the Democratic Party's adopting a policy which the most stalwart Democratic leaders once declared to be designed for nothing but to create another specially privileged class and to grant favors to one group of business men. Whether this session of Congress will pass the Administration bill remains to be seen; there are some Democrats, like Congressman Moran of Maine, who will do everything possible to defeat it.

If we turn to less historic issues, it is perfectly obvious that in many fields Mr. Roosevelt has merely been carrying on Republican policies which he found in force when he took office. It was Mr. Hoover who was the first to advocate that the federal government should build its own post offices and consolidate the railroads. It was Mr. Hoover who asked for the Federal Farm Board for the express purpose of controlling speculation and preventing wasteful and inefficient individual methods of crop distribution. Mr. Hoover even demanded the right to prevent and control agricultural surpluses and bring about orderly production and distribution. Yet nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has done has subjected him to greater criticism than his attempt to carry out this Hoover policy. It was not Mr. Wallace, but Mr. Hyde, Herbert Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture, who demanded the scientific use of our land, such "as will yield greater economic and social values, will stay soil erosion and soil depletion, will preserve and conserve our land inheritance, and limit our agricultural plant to such size as will supply the nation's needs without the ruinous blight of overproduction."

Now that the AAA has been declared unconstitutional, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Roosevelt have fallen back upon soil erosion and soil depletion as the means of getting the government again into a position where, with the cooperation of the states, it will be able to "limit our agricultural plant." It was under Mr. Hoover, too, that the Perishable Commodities Act, compelling all commission merchants to take out government licenses which could be revoked for cause, was established. It was Mr. Hoover, above all others, who was constantly reaching out for additional power for such branches of the government as the Federal Radio Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, the Bureau of Mines, and especially for the Department of Commerce. Thus Mr. Roosevelt has only followed good Republican precedent in establishing more bureaus and getting more and more power for them.

All of which merely illustrates how movable is the line of demarcation between Republicans and Democrats. Would it not be for the best interest of the Republic if the coming Presidential battle should line up in one camp all who believe in conservative policies and in the other all who believe that governments must progress or go backward? The difficulty is that Mr. Roosevelt himself is not very deeply rooted in principle, and that with both parties agreeing on so many issues it would be hard, indeed, to separate the sheep from the goats. That we need clarification and simplification of the issues before the public few will deny. Also we need able criticism of the incumbents in office by a strong minority deeply devoted to certain beliefs and ready to fight for them with skill and determination, with sincerity and courage. A brilliant New York woman declared to a politically hostile friend the other day that she had the deepest sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt because of his misfortune. "You mean his physical disability?" said her friend. "No, indeed," was the reply, "I meant his great misfortune in being without an intelligent, able, and effective opposition in Congress."

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BROUN'S PAGE

OF LATE there has been a good deal of wholly justified criticism of the decisions by federal courts. But it seems to me that there ought to be even sharper comment concerning the indecision of some gentlemen in the hierarchy. Almost without exception the law's delays profit the powerful and enfeeble the weak. Rich litigants can afford to wait. Men who come to court under dire necessity of redress are scourged by the laggards on the bench.

I have a conspicuous case in mind. In December of last year the American Newspaper Guild protested against the discharge of Morris Watson by the Associated Press. The guild maintained that Mr. Watson had been fired because of his organizational activity. A complaint was lodged, and the National Labor Relations Board summoned the Associated Press to appear and answer the charges. The news agency, through its counsel, John W. Davis, went into a federal court and asked an injunction to restrain the National Labor Relations Board from proceeding. Mr. Davis, on behalf of his client, argued that the Wagner-Connery Act was unconstitutional. The hearing was before Judge Bondy in New York City.

At the end of the arguments the Judge reserved decision but said he would rule very shortly after briefs were submitted. In a slight epilogue following the hearing he told a guild heckler that "economics have no place in a court of law." This somewhat lightened His Honor's burden but not enough. Briefs were duly submitted, but then passed a weary time. The Judge couldn't seem to make up his mind on the legal points involved. The action was one of the earliest brought under the Wagner-Connery Act, but Bondy did not keep his place in the line of traffic. From Memphis and Rochester and various parts of the country decisions were rendered. Many of them upheld the constitutionality of the act and some dissented. Judge Bondy was in the fortunate position of being able to profit by the home work of his fellow-judges who had at least explored in part the legal ground to be traveled.

But the learned Judge did not commit himself. By sheer coincidence this served the Associated Press admirably. It was under no compulsion to meet the merits of the case, and Morris Watson remained fired. Originally there was a good deal of activity and organized support for Morris Watson in the guild unit in his shop. His fellows knew him as a brilliant worker and had no doubt about the reasons which led to his discharge. But time dawdled on. The first flush of enthusiasm waned. Morris Watson became a mute and inglorious martyr. He was buried alive in the bottom drawer of a judge's desk.

People began to forget about the case. The Associated Press was not likely to object to that. Silence and delay were much more punishing to the guild than the granting of an injunction. In that event it would have been possible to appeal and move the case along toward a final decision. But Bondy blocked the road. It was generally believed that if the National Labor Relations Board undertook to proceed with the case, a stay would immediately be issued. If the board were mandamused, some other judge would merely toss the issue back to Bondy again.

The information may be apochryphal, but a lawyer told me that he knew of a case in which Judge Bondy had failed to render a verdict at the end of two years. Even if this is an exaggeration, it seems to be pretty well established that Bondy is a slow decider. A belated decision, even though favorable, would be of little help to the guild. The case will be complicated if Morris Watson takes another newspaper job. At the end of many months the issue will be academic and futile as far as the guild is concerned. The Associated Press may be expeditious in getting the news of the world on the wires and cables, but it does not regard labor disputes in its own office as news.

Seemingly, there is no legal method by which laggard judges can be made to quit sitting on china door knobs. A couple of weeks ago the guild tried to break the deadlock by making a direct appeal to Judge Bondy. The president of the American Newspaper Guild, with the approval of a general meeting of the New York Guild, sent a letter to the Judge pointing out the hardships which the organization suffered under the delay. The note made no attempt to take up the merits of the case. It did not argue for a favorable verdict but merely protested against inaction and demanded a decision, saying: "Although you have not granted an injunction you have allowed the Associated Press an easement, a kind of legal laxative which works while you sleep."

To this communication the Judge merely replied, "Your note has been received." The situation leaves the guild small choice as to what action it should now take to break the deadly silence and push the case of Morris Watson. Personally I think the guild ought to picket the Federal Court Building and distribute leaflets explaining the manner in which delay may strip a litigant of his legal rights. If such action is taken, there may be criticism of the guild as wildly radical. That will hardly be fair. There is nothing particularly radical in taking whatever measures you can to make the orderly processes of law remain orderly. Nothing is more disorderly than long delays. If an automobile broke down in the middle of a road and impeded traffic it would be pushed to one side and a new car or a repair wagon would be dispatched.

Picketing of courts is quite common in staid and conservative England. But the bulk of the American public has not yet made the mental leap achieved by our Anglo-Saxon cousins, who undoubtedly have as much or more respect for law than obtains in America. And they respect the law because they have come to the point of making judges realize that they are the servants of the public and not the masters.

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HOMAGE TO HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ON OCTOBER 3, 1898, an English publisher went to trial on the charge "of having unlawfully and wickedly published and sold, and caused to be procured and to be sold, a wicked, bawdy, and scandalous, and obscene book." After he had entered a plea of guilty, Sir Charles Hall, the judge, delivered himself as follows:

> I am willing to believe that in acting as you did you might at the first outset perhaps have been gulled into the belief that somebody might say that this was a scientific work. But it is impossible for anyone with a head on his shoulders to open the book without seeing that it is a pretense and a sham, and that it is merely entered into for the purpose of selling this obscene publication. . . . So long as you lead a respectable life you will hear no more of this. But if you choose to go back to your evil ways, you will be brought before me, and it will be my duty to send you to prison for a very long term.

The book in question was, of course, the first volume of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and it is something very much more than a mere coincidence that when, in 1931, our own Federal Judge Woolsey delivered his crucial decision clearing Dr. Stopes's "Married Love" of the charge of obscenity, he should have remarked as he did: "To one who has read Havelock Ellis, as I have, the subject matter of Dr. Stopes's book is," and so on. In other words, the work which had been in 1898 a "pretense and a sham," obvious to anyone "with a head on his shoulders," had become after thirty years a sort of criterion by reference to which the legitimacy of another might be tested.

Because of the savage attitude taken by the English courts the first edition of the "Studies" as a whole was published by Davis in Philadelphia, and the sober brown bulk of the six original volumes occupied a prominent space on the book shelves of a whole generation of intellectuals. Much of what those volumes had to say has been so thoroughly absorbed that they can doubtless never mean again what they once did, but if the handsome new edition,* including the supplementary volumes on "Eonism" and "Undinism," were nothing else it would be a necessary tribute to an educator whose influence is difficult to measure. However much the younger generation of today may take for granted certain of the intellectual freedoms which it enjoys, however much it may minimize, as one always does, those liberties which are inherited rather than fought for, the fact remains that the very privilege of speaking with casual disparagement of sexual enlightenment and its importance is due more to Havelock Ellis than to any other one man.

*"Studies in the Psychology of Sex." By Havelock Ellis. With a Foreword by Morris L. Ernst. Random House. Four Volumes. $15.

It was of course primarily as educator that he played his role. Despite a certain amount of original investigation, he was above all else a scholar, and the "Studies" are based chiefly upon published work which Ellis disinterred from the pages of a thousand learned journals as well as from innumerable books, many of which were exceedingly obscure. His work was to coordinate, to compare, and above all else to present to a general public a body of esoteric and forbidden knowledge. He might, indeed, put in a claim to that often bestowed title "the last of the Victorians," for his enterprise was in one of the great Victorian traditions—that, namely, of Lecky and Westermarck and Spencer and Frazer, each of whom was inspired by the typical late Victorian conviction that man was to be saved by availing himself of the knowledge which specialists had acquired in fragments and from which it was the business of such as they to deduce various usable conclusions.

The difference was merely that Ellis selected the last subject to be opened for discussion, that he proposed to apply to the study of sex that method of dispassionate inquiry which even those who ostensibly championed its universal applicability hardly wished to see employed in the exploration of a field surrounded by taboos which were the most difficult to exorcise because they had remained the least completely rationalized. Perhaps the greatest of his achievements was just that he was able ultimately to establish the assumption that knowledge about sex was not essentially different from knowledge about anthropology or politics or the social sciences.

The very limitations now most often cited against his work were virtues for the moment and for the purpose. He is descriptive, empirical, eclectic, and, to a certain extent, literary. In his anxiety to collect every scrap of relevant testimony his tendency is to be so far from rigidly critical that certain topics are treated almost after the manner of a commonplace book and that even the often valuable case histories are neither controlled nor critically evaluated. It is also perfectly true that he proposed no psychological or neurological system, that he seems often to do no more than to take testimony and record opinions. But the very fact that the influence of even such a system builder as Freud was relatively slight is fortunate rather than unfortunate. It would have been a calamity if the first great attempt to survey the field had been limited in its scope by the premature adoption of too fixed a method or too sure a conviction. And Ellis had what was much more important for the success of his enterprise—a spirit essentially humane. The atmosphere of the "Studies" does not repel as the atmosphere of Krafft-Ebing or even of much of Freud's writing repels by its suggestion of the hospital

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and the laboratory. He was not writing primarily for the clinical practitioner. He was not primarily concerned with the sexually ill. He was simply accustoming the general public as well as lawyers and doctors and teachers to the idea that a rational attitude toward sex was one of the essential conditions of a good life.

He had, indeed, only three leading ideas. The first was the premise, already referred to, that sex might be investigated and discussed in precisely the same spirit as any other subject of large human concern. The other two were equally simple. One was that we had better find out what men and women actually felt and desired and did before we classified as "perverse" or "abnormal" any feeling or desire or act; that our notions of what is "normal" ought, in other words, to be not a priori but empirical. The third was that man's capacity to love sexually could and should be valued, developed, and educated precisely as his capacity to think, to play, to create, or to exercise any other of the functions of a human being was valued and developed and educated—not of course in isolation or without regard to social consequences but as part of normal existence.

These three ideas, continually reiterated, give to the "Studies" such unity as they have. They seem, of course, now obvious almost to the point of fatuity—so obvious, indeed, that it is not easy to believe they were ever totally rejected. The fact remains, nevertheless, that Sir Charles Hall did exist and that his decision was handed down. The fact also remains that in a book cited by Ellis himself a Victorian doctor laid down the general principle that sexual pleasure in a woman was evidence either of abnormality or of immoral life. If much has changed since then, Ellis might truly say of the change: All of it I saw and a great part of it I was.

BOOKS

But Don't Pause for Breath

INHALE & EXHALE. By William Saroyan. Random House. $2.50.

"MINDFUL," says the jacket, "of the importance of 'Inhale & Exhale' to his literary future, Saroyan has chosen its contents with meticulous care." As a result a mere seventy stories have been allowed to see the light. But I am inclined to believe what the jacket says, for though Saroyan has included seventy stories, no doubt he has suppressed seven hundred. One gets the feeling from reading him that he writes day and night and with no respect for the Sabbath. One would like to know how much in all he has written since his first book appeared; one would like to know how much, if anything, he has rewritten; one would like to know whether he is merely the victim of an unappeasible itch to write, or whether he seeks to outdistance Time's winged chariot, whose hurrying near so visibly preys upon his mind. For the sense of death seems—not unpleasantly—to haunt him, to drive him to his typewriter in hysterical haste to pour out visions and emotions in cascades of cloudy words. Before it is too late, he seems to say, I must spear the essence of things.

Moments
Saroyan Does His Morning Inhaling

The result is chaos. Saroyan's very wealth is his poverty; his very genuineness as a writer is the reason for his writing with so little effect. At heart perhaps every writer is an amateur, ready to snap his fingers at the rules and at the opinion of others, for the mere thrill of writing as the spirit moves him, and on the mere chance that he may achieve not verbiage but miracles. Most writers become good artists by the same process that they become good citizens—through slowly perceiving the disadvantages of not toeing the mark. But Mr. Saroyan, aware that he has talent, aware that he has a real love of words and a real craving to tell stories, cannot see how, with such assets, he can go wrong; cannot see what else he needs or indeed could acquire. What he needs, I must say a little pompously, is to get into harness and to cultivate self-criticism.

The moral tone that has crept into my discussion—and many other reviewers' discussions—of his work, must irritate him a great deal when it does not amuse him. But as a matter of fact it is an uncommon tone for reviewers to take, and Mr. Saroyan might choose, if he cared to, to feel complimented. For in a field where there is not enough talent to go around, a man with the talent of Saroyan must be implored not to squander it, not to turn it into flatulence and confusion. What one resents about these stories is not that they are so bad, but that in spite of being so good they are so bad. With every chance of success, almost all of them end in failure. The reasons are manifest. Being too lazy to think straight, Saroyan poses as anti-intellectual. Lacking the discipline to be mature, he sprays everything he writes with nostalgic infantilism. Having nothing *really* personal to say, he smears everything he touches with "personality." Getting punch-drunk on words, he uses

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them to cloud rather than clarify his meaning. Worst of all, imagining that plain and homespun things will not have significance enough, he seeks to be imposing and grand, and only manages to be windy:

> Right away when he wakened he felt the invisible insinuation of everywhere in dark oceanic hush of recent sleep and he felt the strangeness of his room before the frozen clarity of his steady and almost unawake glance, an event of no motion, yet with the cumulative rhythm of silence and suspension, the strange truth of the place surrounding his own strange truth, the power to see, the peaceful riotousness of being.

What is this but an adolescent who loves to spout? And elsewhere we have an adolescent who loves to pose, or to caper, or to shock, or at any price to hold the center of the stage. It is as though a man wrote a play and then cared more about starring himself in it than about the play itself. The result is not only disastrous art but painfully tiresome reading. I am afraid that for all his natural verve Mr. Saroyan, unless he is careful, will at length be dismissed—not as a show-off, not as a trickster, not as a noisy vaudevillian, but as a bore.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Mystery of Sir Basil

ZAHAROFF. By Robert Neumann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF is a very old man, eighty-six years of age, who was born, according to some, in the Greek slums of Constantinople and, according to himself, in the idyllic village of Mughla in Asia Minor. According to all his biographers, he began his career literally as a gangster in Constantinople, euphemistically called a "fireman." Then he worked up into a procurer, euphemistically called a "guide." Then he became a self-confessed thief; though it is now impossible to establish whether or not he killed a cop while breaking jail. After all this preparatory training he entered the armament industry. In time he became the boss of Vickers—Vickers in England, Vickers in France, Vickers in Italy, each Vickers taking out its papers in each country so as to keep its armament-patriotism above reproach.

Sir Basil was primarily a salesman. He was delicately gifted in the gentle art of devious bribing. One ingenuous Minister of Marine, for instance, won a fortune on a bet that "tomorrow is Thursday"; Sir Basil mistakenly thought it was only Wednesday. By losing many such bets, Vickers did splendidly. It was also Sir Basil who discovered the great game of selling cruisers, or what have you in any other lethal way, to one government and then frightening the hell out of its "enemy" with the bill of lading.

A decade ago, when at his height, Sir Basil Zaharoff was one of the half-dozen richest men in the world, one of the half-dozen most powerful, and one of the half-dozen most monstrous. He financed the Greek war—and collapse—against the Turks as a favor to Lloyd George and for the greater glory of Greece and Vickers. Periodically he endowed a chair of literature at Oxford or Paris. He became the boy friend of a Spanish Bourbon, a Knight of the British Empire, a high officer of the Legion of Honor. However, his main claim to international prestige and publicity is his "mystery."

Now suppose this same Zacharias Basileos Zaharias had begun life, as he did, as a Constantinople "fireman" who started fires to rob the victims, had then become a "brothel tout" for visiting parliamentarians and finally a thief in his uncle's business, and *now*—at the age of eighty-six—he were a retired but ordinary fence, white-slaver, and dope peddler. The long life of such a prosaic, legal, and logical criminal would be practically untraceable. The career of Gyp the Blood *is* a mystery, for Gyp made neither investments nor history. But to the journalistic thriller scribes, like die Herren Neumann and Lewinsohn, Gyp is no mystery simply because he rose from gutter to gallows, which seems fit and reasonable. The life of Sir Basil, on the other hand, seems to them so mysteriously fascinating because instead of winding up at the gallows he sent millions of decent men to death at an enormous profit per corpse.

That, however, is no mystery at all, things being as they are. And, indeed, the life of our friend Sir Basileos is really an open book—in those passages which are significant reading, which show *how* he became what he is. Every dollar he invested either has been or can be traced. Every war he bought and paid for is receipted. His every shady political trick either has been or could be brought to light. Indeed, Robert Neumann, the author of the thriller under review, has brought out about Sir Basil quite as much as we know about Messrs. Mellon or Morgan and much more than we know about such rarefiedly reputable gents as John W. Davis or Owen D. Young. Yet in every sentence Herr Neumann tiptoes and lifts his fingers to his lips and is just about to give up the riddle. Sir Basil is "a beast of prey dressed up like a man" prowling in the chancelleries of Europe, organizing devious companies, subsidizing South American revolutions. "Let us stop here. There is something wrong, surely . . ." Herr Neumann whispers. There really was nothing wrong in this case, except that Sir Basil fixed it so that he kept out of prison. "The writer leaves his anxious readers the choice" between the theory that Zaharoff may have been a Russian-Jewish soldier and/or a Siberian bandit at one time. He was, of course, neither/nor. The life of this armament racketeer, like the life of every other big-business racketeer, is plainer than yours or mine. And I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that if Arthur Sulzberger of the New York *Times* should send Louis Stark or Ray Daniell or Carleton Beals or myself to do the whole story on Sir Basil, any one of us would come back with all his tricks in the bag, including his birth certificate or its equivalent.

Then why all this mystery? The answer is that Sir Basil *paid* money for it, not to Herr Neumann or his previous biographers, but for that sort of publicity in general. It costs a lot of money to have a public career converted into a private mystery. All his life Sir Basil has talked about little else except how well he keeps his mouth shut; and since he has to pay for his lies with endowments and other bribes, his life seems to be written in Braille for men who can see. But don't let the Zaharoffs and Mellons and the rest of their ilk fool you. Sound journalistic suspicion backed up by heavy research *Sitzfleisch* solves the mysteries of big business every time. For one of the troubles with, or rather for, big business is that no matter how it juggles its figures, it's figures it has to juggle.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Near and the Far

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD. By Hans Fallada. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

HANS FALLADA'S new novel proves him once more to be an attractive and touching story-teller, but it seems to prove at the same time, and even more clearly than before, how far he falls below the virtue of magnitude. It is his own doing, and in fact it is entirely to his credit, that the

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proof in the present instance is so clear. For he himself has supplied the standard by which his book comes to be judged, he himself has set the pace which most of his chapters fail to follow. The standard is erected in the first of six sections; the second section keeps within striking distance of it; the remaining four desert it altogether. Few novels have begun more brilliantly than this one, though many have ended as trivially; and the reason, provided it can be found, may have more than ordinary meaning.

The success of the first section is undoubtedly connected with the fact that its material is not contemporary. Fallada is constructing an olden background for his tale, and his delight in the task is such, and his capacity so great, that he seems to do all that fiction can ever do when it occupies itself with the past. The scene is a Baltic peninsula, cold and barbarous, remote and windswept. Fallada's business is to people a certain farm on this peninsula, the Gäntschow farm, with as many ghosts as possible—with as many memories, that is to say, of its early owners. They must be as violent, as wild, and as individualistic as imagination can make them, because they are to set the tone for a novel whose hero will be a Gäntschow of our time, a man whose distinction as well as his tragedy will derive from the fact that he is a farmer, an intransigent lover of the anarchical land. Fallada's imagination, helped in all probability by the imagination of the folk among whom he was born on a peninsula similar to this one of Fiddichow, sets the tone for Johannes Gäntschow only too well. The father, the grandfather, and the several great-grandfathers of Johannes are wonderful and fearful creatures—insane and hairy men whom the magic of distance permits us somehow to admire. Back there in the past where they belong they are not only credible but beautiful, as men in myths can be; and be it noted too that their stories are told briefly, as myths had better be told. Only the shining essentials are given, with the result that the disgust or the terror which we should feel in the actual presence of these men is never felt; on the contrary, they assume the highly attractive stature of abstract truths.

The problem then is to maintain the spell. Fallada does maintain it through the second section, which deals with the childhood of Johannes and which saves him, as childhood saves itself, from the test of contact with any living world. Johannes and Christiane, the girl whom he loves without exactly knowing it, are still the free inhabitants of that wild border region where past and present are scarcely to be distinguished; and Johannes at least promises to be an acceptable descendant of the ancient Gäntschows. A great novelist might have made him so, since a great novelist by definition is one who can prove the world we know to be as rich and luminous as any we may imagine. But Fallada lets his hero down. As lover, as husband, as wanderer, as farmer, Johannes grows steadily smaller. The rages of his forbears dwindle in him to petulance; their independence—mythical, we now remember—becomes the stupidest form of stubbornness; their way with women, now that we know Johannes's wife and mistress, ceases to be primeval and is merely swinish. And the religion of land loses the last shred of its mystery. There is nothing significant about our peasant at the end, valiant as Fallada's assertions are to the contrary. For Fallada seems not to have intended all this. His intention I think was to keep Johannes and the twentieth century up. That he has let them down does not need to mean, as some say it does, anything about the falseness of German life at the moment. It needs to mean no more than that an epic of the present—any present—is all but impossible; and that for Herr Fallada it will never be possible.

MARK VAN DOREN

Five Years Before Sarajevo

THE EVE OF 1914. By Theodor Wolff. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

AMONG the German political writers of the last decades there was no argument as to who was the first gentleman of the journalistic profession. Except for a few people distracted by self-conceit, they all agreed that Theodor Wolff, editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt,* was unrivaled. His articles signed with the famous initials "T.W." attracted every Sunday hundreds of thousands of readers; even men who disliked the political tendencies of his liberal newspaper gave attention to his essays, which combined a thorough knowledge of foreign affairs with a high degree of literary culture and an *esprit* rare in Germany. All the virtues of Wolff's writing during his singular career as an editor are now to be found in the second volume of his memoirs, which deal with the last five years preceding the world catastrophe.

For the reader outside Germany who is not conversant with Wolff's former literary production, the main interest of the book is to be found in the author's judgment on the Kaiser and the Wilhelmstrasse. Although T.W. has been an avowed democrat during his whole life, he is far from condemning all the diplomatic activities of William II. He does not share the cheap misconceptions of the emperor's policy which have been so familiar since 1914. He sees the weakness of William's character; he notes his sudden changes of mind, his preference for noisy speeches and tactless remarks, and his longing for Byzantine applause. But he admits that at many critical moments the Kaiser instinctively arrived at a sounder judgment than his advisers, and that while they were still thinking of peace, he saw the specter of danger. This was especially true after the insane and criminal refusal of the Serbian reply by the Vienna diplomats at the end of July, 1914. William's aversion to war and all hazardous enterprises was genuine, and Wolff is absolutely right when he says that the German emperor no more wanted to start a fire than a child playing with matches wants to. His, and Bethmann's, great sin was only that he gave carte blanche to the warlike Austrian statesmen on July 5, 1914.

The portrait of Bethmann-Hollweg is painted with much care and fine psychological understanding; Wolff enjoyed, especially after 1914, the personal friendship of the Chancellor and is able to reproduce some extremely interesting confessions of his about the war guilt and about a new order in Germany's home and foreign policy. The author, moreover, discerns elements of kinship between Bethmann and Sir Edward Grey; both of them had a predilection for ethics, fluctuated between doubts and self-confidence, and dismissed their private qualms with a gesture of resoluteness. His antipathy to Kiderlen-Wächter, the clever, unbalanced Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is very strong. But Kiderlen's successor, Jagow, lacked even the qualities the former certainly had, and that was the reason why his Vienna colleague, Count Berchtold, could proceed as he pleased. The difference between Jagow's inability and the unfair methods of the Austrian minister was, as Wolff states, "the difference between playing with insufficient thought and playing false."

The author shows that the statesmen of the Triple Alliance were not so immaculate as they liked to appear in their memoirs, but he is far from paying compliments to the leaders of the Entente. The portrait of Poincaré painted by a master of political psychology is not at all flattering. The many bad features of his character are clearly demonstrated, and Wolff

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draws the veil from the French President's political relations with so dubious a diplomatist as Isvolsky. Some very remarkable pages are devoted to the dangerous secret machinations of the English military circles, especially to the projects of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who worked as energetically for war as did his Austrian comrade, Conrad von Hötzendorff. Perhaps the most picturesque chapter of the book deals with the foremost figures of the Czarist court. Rasputin is shown as the bizarre and fantastic embodiment of the Russian's immense vitality, a vulgar peasant who brought the natural voice of the people into the luxurious apartments of the despotic weakling, Nicholas. The author also gives us an interesting account of the role the Serbian politicians played in the origin of the war. Nor does Wolff forget the attractive and somewhat amusing figure of King Nikita of Montenegro, "a mixture of Louis XIV and of a paternal sovereign and smuggler-patriarch."

Wolff prepared this book while he was still in his editor's chair, surrounded by his professional duties. One may hope that now, in his exile, he will write a third volume of his memoirs dealing with his experiences in the World War and with the great part he played in the rise of the Weimar republic. His career as a journalist has been finished, but as a historian he will still find an attentive community of readers throughout the world.

FELIX E. HIRSCH

Dollars or Children

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By Paul De Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

ACCORDING to the Committee of Economic Security, "illness is one of the major causes of insecurity," and "in normal times from one-third to one-half of all dependency can be traced to the economic effect of illness." What lies back of these dispassionate words is told by Paul De Kruif in stirring stories that should move the stones of America to rise in protest.

Stirred by the story of a particular child who had died because the benefits of medical science were not available to her, De Kruif thought of an enormously rich friend, the beginning of whose wealth came through his understanding of science. "I wrote to this man," he says, "and told him how this infamy in the land of enormous wealth, in a country with unlimited requisites for good living—how this poverty causing the death of children like Joan—nauseated me, made me sick in my stomach." This friend wrote back very courteously telling him not to be impatient. "Millions of children have been dying for thousands of years, and we couldn't save them all at once, right now."

> And as for my nausea [De Kruif continues] he merely prescribed a dose of bicarbonate of soda. This letter shook me and lost me a friend. Now I understood this: that no soda would ever soothe my nausea at the continuance of this infamy. I knew that the clever men who monopolized the common inheritance of science would never share it fundamentally. I knew that their greed, based upon fear, made them indifferent to a heartbroken child. I understood that the question today that will finally set friend against friend, brother against brother, is this one—Who owns our science? I thought that once the plain people, the mass, understood the whole truth of the story of children like Joan, once they got it clear in their head what it is that limits the food, the clothes, the shelter, the science that could have made her strong and healthy . . .

Those who know De Kruif merely as a proclaimer of scientific discoveries will be interested to learn what has happened to him, and he tells it with complete frankness.

> In those days in the laboratory I had known nothing about the true causes of the sickening, the dying of children. I thought of nothing but microbes, and for years I was more interested in the health of my culture of microbes than in the death of a child. I might have gone on that way for the rest of my life. . . . Now at last my eyes were opening. Now the forgotten children, the dollars or children, the peoples' death fight, the drought of Wisconsin, Joan whose heart was broken, all those adventures of this year of hell were soaking it into me that it was not ignorance, or certainly not ignorance alone, that was at the bottom of the suffering and death of children. . . . What then is there left for me to do except to keep telling with all there is in me, till they shut me up, till they put me on the spot, till they send me down to the lower depths as they are sure to do if I only keep on telling it stronger and truer, telling to as many as I can get to listen—that, *in the matter of the murder of children by our present economic order, the issue is clear*; the battle can now be joined. Is money going to be made for man, or will man continue to be made for money?

When he had completed his book De Kruif must have made the same discovery that Mary Heaton Vorse made when she finished "A Footnote to Folly"—that no matter what he was writing about, droughts, or slums, or scientific discoveries, he was all the time writing about children. The theme of the book is, Dollars or children. Obviously De Kruif agrees with Mrs. Vorse that "in the last analysis civilization itself is measured by the way in which children will live and what chance they will have in the world." In his final story of the Dionne quintuplets he shows that they had one chance in a billion to live when they were born, yet science—*and money*—made that chance a reality.

Children always in his mind, he turns from every stirring story he tells to expose the cruelty of our present economic order, which he declares is guilty of nothing short of murder, the murder of millions of innocent children. The members of the Liberty League will say he has turned Communist; the Daughters of the Revolution will call him a revolutionist, and will ask to have him deported as a dangerous red. But the Communists—even the Socialists—will dub him a pussyfooter. They will accuse him of having no program because he doesn't tell us what the new order is to be like, but they won't accuse him of being a retainer of the rich!

Those who pay doctors' bills will close this book with a feeling of regret that in discussing the problem of the costs of medical care the author has said nothing about the burning question of state medicine or even about health insurance. Possibly this is one fear he hasn't yet got rid of!

The world knows Paul De Kruif as an inimitable interpreter of medical science. "Microbe Hunters," "Hunger Fighters," "Men Against Death," these and other stirring books and articles by him have deserved and secured a wide and various audience, but I venture a prediction that his latest book, "Why Keep Them Alive?" will eclipse all his earlier work in the size of its audience. This latest book has an emotional quality which his earlier work did not possess. He is no longer merely proclaiming the great scientific discoveries and praising the microbe-hunters. He himself has made a great discovery.

He has discovered that the underlying social problem is none other than the distribution of wealth. He has discovered that his science is not reaching the people and that it will not reach them so long as service is subordinate to profit. This discovery has stirred him to the depths, and his book is bound to ruffle the spirits of those who read.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY

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Shorter Notices

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN AND ITS CURE. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

Mr. Erskine's little book bears the earmarks of popular articles for Sunday supplements. Formless enough to have been published in small doses, it has a point of view which is far from journalistic. The advantage enjoyed by a writer with Mr. Erskine's entree to the average home when he tackles seriously a subject as unpopular as the failure of the American woman is unquestionable. Mr. Erskine pays all honor and respect to the home-maker and the wage-earner. It is against the leisure-class woman who, through no accomplishment of her own, wields an undue influence in the American community that he directs his attack. Women, he says, have invented no educational system for themselves. They have merely appropriated man's, already proved inadequate. Nor have they improved the status of teachers, either socially or economically. A fundamental change in the educational system is essential, he feels. Women should teach girls; men, boys. "To put an end to social influence acquired by matrimony, the women should keep their maiden names and make their own reputations." Unsuspecting males in search of light reading may find themselves prodded by this book into wondering how large a share of the blame is theirs. Women, bearing in mind Mr. Erskine's charming portraits of Eve and of Helen, may be sufficiently enraged by it to undertake a thoughtful analysis of just how productively they have used the political and social freedom for which they fought so tenaciously.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By Robert Penn Warren. Alcestis Press. $7.50.

The poems of Robert Penn Warren, here collected from the magazines and anthologies in which they have previously appeared, are the work of a poet of authentic sensibility and fertile imagination, with a flair for vital diction and a graceful sense of form. Mr. Warren shares in the difficulties of his generation; he has been forced to be both critic and poet, to the detriment of his poetry. While grateful for the light cast by his criticism, one nevertheless cannot but be sorry that the critical spirit has entered into the poet. In these poems ratiocination often hampers the free expression of poetic sensibility, and emotion is stifled by thought. It is the critic in Mr. Warren that has made him rewrite "Kentucky Mountain Farm," the poem which early won for him a place in the Fugitive group, and in the rewriting of this and other poems vitality is sacrificed for the sake of smoothness and intellectual pretentiousness. The intellectualism of the academic life has weakened Mr. Warren the poet while it has strengthened Mr. Warren the critic; the great promise of the young poet, hailed as early as 1928 by Edmund Wilson, has not been fulfilled.

VINCENT VAN GOGH. By Walter Pach. Artbooks Museum. $1.

In the case of Van Gogh more has been written about the *Sturm und Drang* of the inner life than about the evolution of the artist. For Vincent Van Gogh was of the stuff of which tragedies are written, and since he was himself master of the written word it is not surprising that attention has been focused upon the frustration of the man rather than upon the fulfilment of the painter. In the present study Dr. Pach, one of Van Gogh's first and most understanding American admirers, has turned his back on all but the bare bones of biography in order to examine nineteenth-century techniques and tendencies in their relation to Van Gogh. His book may prove hard reading for those less familiar with the period than Dr. Pach, since the research becomes considerably involved. It is, for example, difficult to discover why Cézanne's admiration for Redon finds its way into the discussion. But it is well to be reminded that we owe that rapid mastery of color and light which made possible the achievements of the Arles period to the forces which drove Van Gogh to post-impressionist Paris of 1886 (the year in which Seurat completed the "Grande Jatte") rather than to the overstressed influence of Gauguin. This brochure, the first of a series of dollar publications to be issued by the organization entitled Artbooks Museum, is an encouraging example of what may be done in the way of popularly priced publications on art. There are six excellent color plates and twenty-four less successful half-tone reproductions.

IN THE SECOND YEAR. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Miss Jameson's picture of England under fascism is not a mere fantasy. She has translated the Nazi regime into English terms, provided an alien creed—as it seems to the naive, she would say—with a native habitation. Hitler appears as Frank Hillier, Prime Minister of the Nationalist Government; the anglicized Göring is the fat and flamboyant Air Minister, Colonel Hebden; Röhm appears as the hermaphroditic Richard Sacker, head of the National Volunteers (Storm Troops); and Schacht is personified by Thomas Chamberlayn, financial wizard of the regime. Though the English are less obvious in their sadism than the Germans, they make no bones about concentration camps and the mass "suicides" of radical writers—Stephen Spender, for example. Under English fascism poverty is intensified, the trade unions are smashed, cultural life is

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suspended, and war emerges as the only solution to social difficulties. The story itself, a thin convenience, is told by an English liberal who has been teaching at Oslo since pre-fascist days. Upon his return to England for a brief visit he is appalled by the situation, of which he has been kept in semi-ignorance by a censored press; but he is incapable of any decisive attitude except despair and a retreat to Oslo. Interest is well sustained by two devices: the progressive revelation of the situation through the fresh experiences of the narrator, who is as much a stranger to the situation, and therefore as curious and surprised, as the reader; and the restatement of themes already familiar to the reader, the bloody overthrow of Röhm, for example, on a plane of distinctly English experience. The sub-plot, a love affair between a young volunteer and a student, is irritating because it is so obviously a concession to Miss Jameson's conscience as a formal novelist.

DRAMA

Shaw's Classic

YIELDING again to Bernard Shaw's habitual insistence that he be allowed to have his full say, the producers of "Saint Joan" at the Martin Beck Theater give it the three hours and more which are necessary if every single word of the text is to have its hearing. For audiences which have become accustomed to a span of attention definitely shorter than this, the handicap is more important than it ought to be, and I will not go so far as to say that a few judicious cuts would not constitute a real improvement. The fact remains, nevertheless, that as Katharine Cornell and her company enact the play it reveals a solidity and a power which set it definitely apart. We were not wrong twelve years ago when we felt that it was, in many ways, the finest of its author's work. We were not wrong in sensing a certain warmth of emotion, a certain humanity, which are absent in most of his often cleverer exercises. The warmth and the humanity are really there, and "Saint Joan" is one of very few classics of the modern theater. It "dates" only as even the most substantial works "date"—which is to say that though time may make it interesting for slightly different reasons and in slightly different ways, time—twelve years of it at least—does not sensibly detract from its power to hold and to impress.

Doubtless we should have been somewhat less surprised than we were that Shaw had fallen under the spell of a legend which has fascinated so many men of such widely divergent tempers. Nothing is actually more characteristic of him than his strain of mysticism. No one who remembers the character of Mrs. George ought to be unprepared to find that strain asserting itself at the most incongruous of moments, and nothing was more natural—once he had selected Joan as a subject—than that mysticism should dominate the tone of the play, with which mysticism alone could be really congruous. Nor can I help feeling that this yielding to a tendency which he had so often restrained made the piece dramatically more comprehensible than all but two or three of his other works. It enabled him to face, as he usually refused to do, the ambiguities of his intellectual position and to withdraw from the argument in favor of Joan, who must be right simply because she is so obviously the most passionate and the most appealing of the disputants. The gesture may be damaging to the philosopher, but for the playwright it is unquestionably a better way out than that method which he has often adopted of pretending to settle once and for all a question which he has not really settled at all. That, the more I read his works, the more I am convinced is what he habitually does. He can be a Fabian, a fascist, and a communist by turns for the simple reason that he is perpetually doing what he does with great dramatic effectiveness in this particular play—permitting himself, that is to say, to rationalize the emotion which any extraordinarily powerful person or idea kindles in him.

Certainly "Saint Joan" offers no intellectual solution for the problem it discusses, and certainly the interest which that problem still holds is due in large part to the fact that it is a recurrent one. Joan is the anarchical individual who may in time become absorbed into an orthodox tradition but who stands for the moment in the same position as any other individual who sets himself up against a world which, not without reason, fears the destruction of the institutions which regulate its day-by-day existence. Shaw is not writing a mere two-dimensional satire against the dulness of those who cannot recognize saints when they see them. The long and passionate arguments which he puts into the mouths of the ecclesiastics are not merely stupid or merely wicked. The play is solid and exciting because they are not; because Shaw is voicing through them a point of view which he recognizes as tenable. Neither is it a plea for simple tolerance. Joan herself is as fanatical and as ruthless as her opponents. She is as ready as they to kill if not to burn. And she wins the dramatist as well as the day not so much because she is more right in any abstract way as because she is full of an even more passionate faith.

A moment ago I said that time had made the play interesting in a slightly different way without having made it any less powerful or impressive. Perhaps I should have said instead that in certain respects it has become, on the contrary, more obviously relevant than it was before. Twelve years ago Shaw's defense of the authoritarian position through the mouths of the ecclesiastics seemed little more than a tour de force. It was almost quaint in a world where libertarian ideas seemed, in theory at least, taken almost universally for granted. But what the church had to say is essentially what more than one kind of dictator in more than one country is saying today. I repeat that Shaw does not solve the problem in any intellectual fashion. He says only that in this particular case Joan wins—without making it a whit easier for other Joans to win in the future. He does not even say clearly whether she wins because she is right, because she has faith, or because historical tendencies were on her side. Yet "Saint Joan" remains, nevertheless, the best dramatic *presentation* of this particular conflict that has ever been written, and, incidentally, about as timely as any play could possibly be.

The production has been staged with great skill by Guthrie McClintic, and to my way of thinking Miss Cornell gives the finest performance of her career. In the past I have not concealed the fact that in some of her modern plays I have found her rather excessively radiant and unpleasantly suggestive of a type of woman too obviously looking for a convenient pedestal. Neither did I fail to say that I thought her Juliet pictorially effective without being emotionally profound. But her Joan could hardly be better. If my memory can be trusted, she is rather more the peasant, rather less the embodiment of girlish consecration, than Winifred Lenihan was in her stunning creation of the role. Yet her interpretation is no less convincing. It is simple, flexible, and amazingly varied. Somehow the girl and the saint are both there.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

THE phonograph news of the month for at least some readers will be that the Timely Recording Company, 235 Fifth Avenue, has issued three ten-inch discs of proletarian song (75 cents each). The selections include, of course, the "Internationale," given with lusty enthusiasm by the New Singers under Lan Andonian, and Hans Eisler's "United Front" with Mordecai Bauman, a young man with a fine voice excellently trained. Felix Groveman and the chorus deliver the "Soup Song" with an eye to the social significance of the words rather than with respect for the slender musical value of its tune—"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

In England the Wolf Lieder Society continues (with Volume 5, six twelve-inch records, $15) to bring out some of the finest recordings of the year. As for its previous volumes, the society has chosen from among the most distinguished *Lieder* singers and accompanists living and has spared no pains in making completely efficient recordings. Volume 5 includes twenty songs, almost without exception masterpieces, even though some of them are comparatively seldom heard in recital and few have been recorded before. Particularly striking are Elisabeth Rethberg's "Mühvoll komm' ich," Herbert Janssen's "Gebet," and Alexander Kipnis's "Cophtisches Lied I." The other singers are Gerhard Huesch and Ria Ginster, the latter doing rather better with "Sie blasen zum Abmarsch" and three other songs than she does in her Schubert recordings on last month's Victor list (one record, $1.50).

Other recent vocal publications include a duet from the mature Verdi, "Gia nella notte densa" from "Otello," sung better by Claudia Muzio than by her coadjutor, Francesco Merli (Columbia, one record, $1.50); Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhäuser," delivered with sincerity and a beautiful restraint by Kirsten Flagstad (Victor, one record, $2); and two arias from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Giordano's "Fedora," by Alessandro Ziliani (Victor, one record, $1.50). The "Manon" aria has been recorded frequently, and a comparison with the earlier releases from Caruso through Gigli and Martinelli will illustrate the progress of recording techniques. Caruso's version is still the most beautifully sung.

Another set of records which reveals the recent advances in recording is the reissue of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite, by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. This is one of the series of reissues which Victor is putting out to demonstrate the virtues of "higher-fidelity" recordings, and it is a convincing demonstration.

Finally let me call attention to two unusual releases by Columbia. One is a set of three engaging solos for unaccompanied flute by P. O. Ferroud, beautifully played by Marcel Moyse and unusually well recorded (one record, $1.50). The other is the "Funeral March for the Last Scene of 'Hamlet,'" by Berlioz, played by the London Philharmonic under Sir Hamilton Harty (one record, $1.50). The deep impression made on the young Berlioz by "Hamlet" is reflected in this composition; and its austerity and dramatic use of percussion make the record one to be owned by all the growing group of his "discoverers."

(Note.—The Wolf Society albums and other foreign releases may be obtained from various dealers, including the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street; the Liberty Music Shop, 10 East Fifty-ninth Street; and the New York Band Instrument Company, 111 East Fourteenth Street, all in New York City.)

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ETHAN FROME. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

LIBEL. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English courtroom play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

ANNIE OAKLEY. R.K.O. A minor American masterpiece based on the life of Buffalo Bill's best-loved sharpshooter. Barbara Stanwyck as Annie Oakley divides the honors with Sitting Bull.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE 39 STEPS. Alexander Korda. Months old, but should be seen wherever possible. A swift and beautiful thriller set in the Highlands, and one of several films which argue British leadership in the immediate future.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Alexander Korda. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. Fox. Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

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Letters to the Editors

THE NATION'S NEW FORMAT

My warm congratulations on the new format of *The Nation*. The magazine represents progress in appearance as well as content, and insures *The Nation* a leading place among similar publications, whether in America or in England.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL
New York, February 28

My experience with *The Nation* goes back only as far as Gruening and Villard, hence I cannot talk about your typographical dress of long ago. Nevertheless, I would not be surprised if your new overcoat, inaugurated with the March 4 issue, is the most beautiful of all time.

LEONARD TRAUBE
New York, February 28

Happy congratulations on the new format, and more power to you. There had been a lurking suspicion among many of us that the old *Nation* was subsidized by oculists. Now we know better.

S. GORLEY PUTT
New York, February 28

Congratulations on the new make-up. It is more like the *New Masses* in looks and content, with Gropper cartoons and such choice phrases as "he is the political pimp," etc. Smirkers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your brains! I shall be no more a reader after my present subscription expires. A. F. G.
Brooklyn, February 29

I think that the type used in your issue of March 4 is unsatisfactory and a bad imitation of that employed by the *New Republic*. The old type, although smaller, was much clearer.

E. C. GREENBLATT
New York, March 2

Keep my subscription going with *The Nation*. I confess to being influenced to some degree by your new pants, which I saw just this evening. Do you think they will have any effect on your outlook?

C. M. BAKER
Webster Groves, Mo., March 5

I have always considered *The Nation* to be the essence of neatness and legibility. I regret this present change. To me there is less legibility, owing either to the poorer quality of paper or the type.

BERNARD DICKSTEIN
Grand Rapids, Mich., February 29

I think the new format of *The Nation* is attractive. Congratulations.

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER
New York, February 28

I got quite a kick at seeing how youthful an old friend can look. Even so simple a thing as a change of costume adds new interest to things we take as a matter of course. JOSEPH PECK
New Rochelle, N. Y., March 1

The new *Nation* is very charming. I don't like it. W. B. THOMAS
Kansas City, Mo., February 29

There is yeast all through your current *Nation* in its new format. Congratulations and best wishes.

PAUL KELLOGG
New York, February 28

My heartiest congratulations to you on the new costume. It makes it the most artistic and easy-to-read publication in America. As for the contents, they are better than ever.

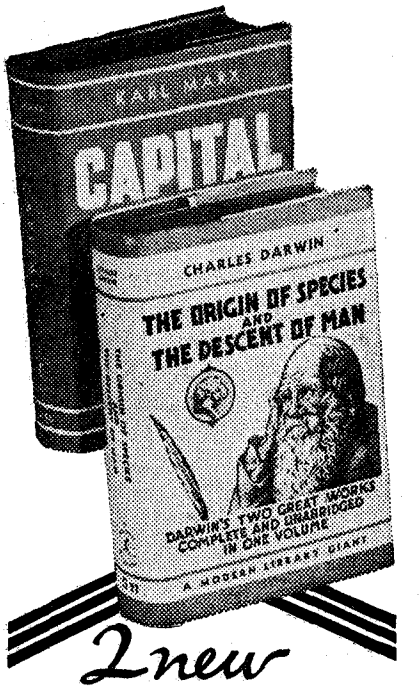
ROBERT LEONARD TUCKER
Columbus, Ohio, March 4

Congratulations on the much-improved appearance of *The Nation*. As a printing-house executive, I think the change demonstrates the possibilities of modern typography and lay-out in a startling manner. VICTOR J. BURGER
Louisville, Ky., March 6

I don't like the new *Nation* as well as I did the old. That may be because the old dress had become so familiar, and congenitally I like old things. However, I miss the sense of compactness the old *Nation* had; this is a little too bulky for my taste. But I'll not complain if you don't start tampering with the material. I also don't like the new-style automobile as well as the old.

MILES H. KRUMBINE
Cleveland, Ohio, March 6

Congratulations on *The Nation's* face-lifting. As one who has had to play with type somewhat during the last few years, may I venture one comment: I think you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NEXT WEEK IN THE NATION

The Rhineland Crisis

By JOHN GUNTHER

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have too many varieties of display type for your captions. It's a shame, too, that your new book-review heads are so space consuming. Otherwise, your new make-up seems swell.

CHARLES S. ASCHER
Chicago, March 6

The Nation's heretofore dignified appearance implied aloofness, intelligence, respectability. And now! Ugly little cartoons plastered all over the pages. *The Nation* has become a blatant and vulgar gutter sheet. Shame on you!

SIM LASHER
Chicago, February 29

I have just seen a copy of *The Nation* for March 11 in its new typographical dress. I think you have done a good job in making your changes, both in the type face in which the text of the paper is printed, in the headings, and particularly in your new front page. Speaking still typographically, about the only thing that I do not see the need for is a little too great variety in your heading type.

GEORGE FORT MILTON
Chattanooga, Tenn., March 7

Congratulations on the new *Nation* format. It is a complete success, except in my non-expert opinion, for one detail. The separate style of headings for Broun, Villard, and your other regular departments comes very near the typographical jitters. LEE SIMONSON
New York, March 1

I can't tell you what an improvement I think the new make-up and type make in the magazine, nor would I have believed that there would thereby be such a difference in the whole feeling of the text. Everything seems fresher, clearer, and more pointed. I have known Blumenthal's work for a long time and have always admired it very much.

DOROTHY PRATT
Philadelphia, March 12

During the year I have subscribed to *The Nation* I have often felt that the contents were too heavy to be followed except when my mind was fresh. Since reading your March 4 issue, I realize that it was the small type which tired me rather than the articles themselves.

V. C. CHRISTIANSON
Ridgefield, Wash., March 9

You can quote me to any length about the new format. I like it all.

CLIFTON FADIMAN
New York, March 2

HEARST AND TROTZKY

Dear Sirs: On October 19 the *New Militant* printed an article by A. Tarov, a "Trotzkyite" who escaped from Siberian exile, on Stalin's persecution of revolutionists in the Soviet Union. Three months later, on Sunday, January 19, William Randolph Hearst lifted the article from the *New Militant,* and also Trotzky's comments on it, and published it in his chain of anti-labor papers—naturally without authorization or permission from Leon Trotzky or his American literary agents or the *New Militant.*

On the very same day the *Sunday Worker* charged that Leon Trotzky was an agent of Hearst and promised to reveal at a later date the price Trotzky was paid. The *Daily Worker* has followed this up with more slanders of the same kidney. Those who have some understanding of Trotzky's past and present value to the international labor movement scarcely require a denial of these slanders. Such methods, aping Hearst himself, are used as a smoke screen to divert attention from the revelations of Stalin's terror against the Leninists.

JAMES P. CANNON,
Editor, the *New Militant*
New York, March 1

HEIDELBERG AND VASSAR

Dear Sirs: When you accuse Vassar College of "bad taste" in accepting an invitation to be represented at the celebration of Heidelberg's 550th anniversary next summer, you are deceived by an erroneous item in the newspapers. Vassar College has not been invited to send an official representative to the Heidelberg festival; invitations were sent to the president of the college as an individual and declined by him, and to the head of the German Department as one of the first women to take a Ph.D. at Heidelberg.

Should the faculty be invited to send an official delegate to this celebration, the matter will be voted upon according to the regular custom in answering such invitations. WINIFRED SMITH
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 10

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

ALICE WITHROW FIELD in 1928-29 made a study of prostitution in London under the supervision of Sir William Clarke Hall, magistrate of the Old Street Police Court. She has made three visits to the U. S. S. R. and has incorporated the results of her investigations in "The Protection of Women and Children in the Soviet Union."

GEORGE SELDES was a foreign correspondent in Europe from 1916 to 1928. He has been thrown out of Russia, Italy, and Fiume, and warned out of Rumania. His latest books are "Freedom of the Press" and "Sawdust Caesar," a study of Mussolini.

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "The Native's Return" and "Dynamite," began life as a steel worker on coming to this country from Yugoslavia. He has written for *The Nation* on labor; last spring his articles on the LaFollettes aroused much discussion.

MAX LERNER'S four articles on the Supreme Court, of which the one appearing in the present issue is the last, will shortly be made the basis of a book on the subject.

MARY McCARTHY, who with Margaret Marshall reviewed the book reviewers last fall, has lately made an intensive study of detective fiction.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is at work on a characterization of John L. Lewis for *The Nation.*

FELIX E. HIRSCH, German historian and former political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt,* is now living in the United States.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY, former secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund, is an authority on public health, child welfare, and state charities. He is the co-author, with Sir Arthur Newsholme, of "Red Medicine."

GEORGE SCHREIBER is in Washington at work on a series of political cartoons for *The Nation.*

WILLIAM STEIG is familiar to the readers of the *New Yorker* as the originator of finger-nail sketches of the Young Idea and other drawings.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN contributes to this issue the first of a series of drawings representing great moments in the careers of present-day writers.

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